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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

CHARLES LAPWORTH : : EDITOR

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO AUSTRIA?

FRANCIS JOSEPH is dead, and for one whose instinct was to avoid trouble at almost any cost, he lived, for a monarch, an unusually long life of endless trouble and worry. Indeed, the whole story of the House of Hapsburg is a sorry history. That mosaic of nations known as Austria-Hungary never was and never can be a homogeneous empire, and it had been predicted for the last thirty or forty years that the death of the emperor would see the dissolution of the Dual Monarchy. There has been continuous internecine strife among the various elements, but out of respect, perhaps, for the aged Francis Joseph these political spites and racial differences were not allowed expression in open warfare.

It is almost forgotten that the assassination of the heir to the throne, Francis Ferdinand, in Bosnia, was the first positive stroke in the present European imbroglio. Impatient of his protracted wait for the throne, this ambitious personage made the life of Francis Joseph a burden to him. His underground activities had more to do than anything with the discontent prevalent in the provinces speaking the Serbo-Croatian dialect. For years civil government had been suspended in the districts where the Slav predominated, and the Austrian officers with their military cohorts, and German-speaking civil officers, practically dragooned the people into those spasmodic outbursts of rebellion, which, of course, were made the excuse for further repression. It was necessary for one to travel about among the country-folk of Croatia and Transylvania to appreciate thoroughly the bitterness in the hearts of these people against their oppressors. They feared, as subsequent events have shown they had reason to fear, the Drang nach Osten policy emanating from Berlin, and being assiduously fostered by the Archduke who was in indecent haste to climb on Francis Joseph's throne. The peaceful absorption of Bosnia and Herzegovina was, of course, the work of that able minister, Count Aehrenthal, and although this annexation meant virtually the tearing up of the Treaty of Berlin, by which the integrity of Turkey was guaranteed by the Powers, and almost precipitated the apparently inevitable European armageddon, it was Aehrenthal's statesmanship in controlling the impetuosity of the Archduke and his friends that gave Francis Joseph a few more years of peaceful reign.

On another occasion, despite the almost piteous entreaties of the aged emperor, the Archduke, who was later to meet at Sarajevo what a good many people in Europe considered his just punishment, almost embroiled Europe in the war that somehow had to happen. The Agadir incident had hardly died away, and the Moroccan trouble temporarily subdued, when Italy, acting on the precedent set by Austria in the Adriatic, and with the unexpressed acquiescence of the Entente Allies, proceeded to carve off a little of the Turkish empire herself. When the Italians had their hands full at the beginning of their Tripoli campaign, they were very near being stabbed in the back by their trusted Austrian allies, and but for the will of Francis Joseph, and the strength of Aehrenthal, they would have found themselves attacked on the Austrian frontier. The anti-Italian Austrians nearly got out of hand. They received a rude shock when the bellicose General Conrad, chief of the staff, was dismissed, but this only added fuel to the flames, and Count Aehrenthal was subjected to the most virulent attacks because he refused to countenance the wild suggestions that Austria-Hungary should take advantage of the war between Italy and Turkey in order to concentrate an army on the Italian frontier and to engage in an aggressive policy on her own account

in the Balkans. However, the Italian precaution not to weaken her forces on the Austrian frontier and on the Adriatic, while draining the country of troops for Tripoli, but rather to reinforce with crack regiments her garrisons there, may also have contributed toward staving off the Austrian attack.

When Archduke Francis Ferdinand took over practically supreme direction of the army there was constant talk by the Austrian general staff of the necessity of war with Italy. At a moment when the Italians were having a rough time in the Libyan desert the Archduke actually rushed regiments to the southern frontier, though there was not a stick of accommodations for them in the Dolomites, and, notwithstanding the winter inclemency, officers and men had to be lodged practically on the open and frozen ground on a meagre war footing. Count Aehrenthal immediately made representations to Francis Joseph, who consented to call his nephew to account, and the Archduke when he had reason to fear that his military arrangements would be hampered, went suddenly to Berlin and poured out his heart to the German Emperor. But at that moment the Kaiser had his own thronfollersorgen. He remained cold, and is said to have



—Philadelphia Ledger.—
And the innocent bystander will catch it, as usual.

dissuaded the rash Archduke, who returned from Berlin bitterly disappointed. Then it was that Count Aehrenthal demanded the retirement of General von Conrad, and although the Archduke was unable to save his favorite, he continued his chauvinistic activities, of which his assassination was the direct result.

It is argued by some that the prolongation of the emperor's life until the coming of the war enabled the government to put the various malcontent elements under the rude discipline of military emergency, and the subsequent turning of the tide in favor of the central powers, put off, possibly forever, the dissolution of the dual monarchy. On the contrary, we would say that the events of the war have made it all the more certain. Can there be any question as to who is running the Austrian empire at this moment? And, indeed, who has more right to run it than the German who saved it from the enemy? It is already apparent that Francis Joseph's successor on the throne is a puppet without power. At present, whatever the future may bring forth, the Kaiser's Drang nach Osten policy has been considerably realized. Austria is for all practical purposes more a part of the German empire than conquered Poland is ever likely to be. The preferential sacrificing of the southern divisions of the army is not likely to endear the Slav elements to their new master, and with a Pan-Slavic movement looming more powerful than the Pan-Germanic movement can hope to be, while the German-speaking provinces are almost welcoming orders from the Parisien-platz, it is an exaggeration to say that the Austrian-Hungarian empire is no more?

COMFORTABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS

PASADENA has had its little flutter on the question whether it shall abandon the commission form of city government in favor of a city manager, and the suggestion has been declined. But the voting was so unrepresentative and the majority margin so small that it would seem the people do not anxiously care one way or the other. And as they did not take the trouble to vote in large numbers or to pile up a mandatory majority, it implies that there is not very much wrong with the municipal administration.

The question is still open for discussion, however, and certainly its supporters may argue that the city has not shown any positive dislike to the city manager scheme, and will doubtless proceed to further propaganda and education. On the other hand, it may be taken for granted that those at present responsible for the city government will welcome all criticism as giving them an opportunity to demonstrate the beauties of their system.

It matters very little, we would say, whether a city is under the management of an autocrat, a triumvirate or a council of six hundred, if the right men are in power. Much more than ever good government depends on the character of the law administrator than upon the law itself. A city may be run as easily and as efficiently as a department store or a peanut stand, if you have the right kind of manager. Granted that one system may be better than another; but whether you have a city commission or a city manager, if they are properly selected for their work, they will necessarily adopt the right system.

Incidentally, it is refreshing to see an election carried through without the charges and counter-charges of blackmail, graft and personal malfeasance that degrade the conduct of local government in so many cities.

DOHENY AND HIS MILLIONS

IT is reported that just before Edward L. Doheny, the millionaire oil-man of Los Angeles, sailed from New York for Norfolk, on his yacht, Casiana, a richer man by \$500,000 because Wilson was re-elected, in response to the question plumped at him by a reporter as to "how it feels to win a \$500,000 bet," the Californian replied, "It's a mere incident." Half a million to win or lose, a mere incident!

Pioneer oil men of California will read this alleged rejoinder by their old comrade with reminiscent emotions. They will recall those days in the 80's when Doheny and his old partner, Canfield, since deceased, tramped the foothills and trails of Arizona and Nevada, as gold-hunting, "desert rats"—before the oil discoveries in California had made new millionaires—with only their blankets and picks and a few rations between them and starvation. Doheny's wife was at home bravely toiling to provide the grub stake for her indomitable husband, who was among the first to turn from gold seeking to oil boring, and his fortunes have never known a serious setback since he began sinking wells in Southern California twenty-five years ago.

He has had his vicissitudes, of course; the usual ups and downs of the oil speculator, for oil boring is essentially a hazardous occupation, in the sense that it is always a gamble as to results. Branching out, Doheny went to Mexico, obtained valuable concessions from the late President Diaz and formed the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, as the fifty-million-dollar Mexican corporation, of which he is the head, is now known. His house in this city is a veritable mansion. He controls two squares of residence streets in either direction and with the consent of the city has spent thousands of dollars in landscape gardening, in parkways and parterres. He has a deer enclosure, fronting the entrance to his home, on the opposite side of the street; and on his country place in the foothills, now in the making, ten miles away, he is lavishing more millions.

He is of medium-size, having the indelible freckles that he acquired when gold prospecting, and his once-reddish hair has taken on a lighter, sandier hue. But he is of stocky build, rosy cheeks and clear eye; a man to reckon with anywhere. There was talk of his becoming a candidate for United States senator on the Democratic ticket this year, but when he learned that Johnson was the likely opponent the canny Irishman decided not to dissipate his millions ineffectually. That other Irishman, Heney—the oil man seems to have put the "H" in his name—also suppressed his aspirations.

Central Ave. Branch Lib.

"HIRAM JOHNSON THE 1920 MOSES"

SAMUEL T. CLOVER writes as follows in his Richmond Evening Journal: "Those busy president-makers who see in Theodore Roosevelt the Moses that shall lead the republican party to victory in 1920 are trailing a false scent. The colonel has had his day in court and the people, while recognizing his many excellent qualities, are not disposed to entrust to his erratic hand further control of the ship of state.

"In this quadrennial year the great west is the Moving Finger which has writ and moved on, leaving Roosevelt and his vitriolic utterances by the wayside. The strong figure in the country, as evidenced by the extraordinary vote of California, is Hiram W. Johnson, the real idol of the progressives, a forward-looking republican who much more nearly represents the true spirit of progressive republicans the country over than the repudiated colonel.

"Governor Johnson, or United States Senator-elect Johnson, is a Native Son, a brilliant lawyer, a man of powerful personality, aggressive, positive, essentially a leader. In the senate, it will not be long before his natural talents will be recognized and his opinions deferred to. The determination of the election by the west removes the long-standing objection of 'geographical' handicap to a candidate not chosen from a so-called 'pivotal' state. In this election California was the state pivotal, with Minnesota an important cog. The west must be wooed in future elections for the party to be successful, hence the figure of Hiram Johnson begins to loom large on the political horizon as a presidential possibility. Already, he has been before the people, nationally, as a vice-presidential candidate on the progressive ticket. Now he is back in the republican ranks as a 'regular,' having received the republican nomination and election for United States senator.

"It requires no political prescience to foresee that the old guard republicans, the reactionary element in the party, must give way to the real progressives within the organization. That the latter are responsible for the election of Wilson cannot be doubted. They have chosen a republican congress but elected a democratic president. They gave Johnson 300,000 majority in California and the electoral vote of the state to Wilson, thereby deciding the election. In this is seen the hand of the progressive republicans with a vengeance, and to that important faction in the party must present and future leaders defer.

"Not to Roosevelt, then, but to Johnson, must the republicans look for leadership in 1920 if they would stand any chance of success. With Johnson it is possible; with Roosevelt improbable. To the sunset state of the Golden West and Hiram Warren Johnson, its idol, the Republican party of four years hence, in all likelihood, will turn for its Moses, if we read the signs aright."

REAL INTENT OF BRITISH BLACKLIST

NOT a trade weapon, but a war measure, is Great Britain's blacklist, asserts the British foreign minister, Viscount Grey, in a note to Ambassador Page and by him transmitted to Washington, in reply to the American protest against the restrictions placed on foreign commerce done by certain firms in the United States. One of the contentions of the state department was that no military necessity exists for the blacklist, with which the British foreign minister takes issue.

Says the note: "If that really were the position, it is possible that the measures taken by his majesty's government might be described as uncalled for, but it is not. We may well wish that it were so. Even though the military situation of the allies has greatly improved, there is still a long and bitter struggle in front of them, and one which in justice to the principles for which they are fighting imposes upon them the duty of employing every opportunity and every measure which they can legitimately use to overcome their opponents."

Viscount Grey further says: "Whatever inconvenience may be caused to neutral nations by the exercise of belligerent rights, it is not to be compared for an instant to the suffering and loss occasioned to mankind by the prolongation of the war even for a week." The force of this remark is patent.

It is, of course, difficult for those who have no immediate contact with war to realize with what painful anxiety men and women in Great Britain must regard even the smallest acts which tend to increase, if only by a hair's breadth, the danger in which their relatives and friends daily stand, or to prolong, if only by a minute, the period in which they are to be exposed to such perils. Viscount Grey makes the point that in this country secret agencies have been established to aid the cause of Germany, which contemplated the destruction of munition factories and the sinking of ships engaged in the transport of war

supplies. He adds, "and I am bound to observe, what, I think, will not be denied, that no adequate action has yet been taken by the government of the United States to suppress breaches of neutrality of this particularly criminal kind, which," he is diplomatic enough to observe, "the government is the first to discountenance and deplore."

The note says that the British government readily admits the United States' contention that neutrals have the right to trade with belligerents, but the state department must also concede the right of one belligerent to stop the trading with the enemy, by lawful means, as seizure of contraband or a blockade. However, urges Baron Grey, the legislation is not of that character, but "an exercise of the sovereign right of an independent state over its own citizens, and nothing more." In the main, the arguments are frank and to the open mind convincing of the fact that the blacklist is a bona fide war measure, designed to shorten the war and at as little discomfort to neutral commerce as possible. Annoying as the restrictions may be, London's right to enforce such measures on the ground of military necessity would seem to be well founded. It is the course the United States would be bound to pursue if the situations were reversed and our government was as alert as Great Britain's has shown itself to be.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

AGAIN we have agitation for the abolition of the electoral college and an amendment of the Constitution to allow of the president being chosen by direct vote of the electorate. There seems to be a good number of amateur statesmen who have nothing else to do but play at rewriting constitutions. They all start out from the proposition that the voice of the people is the voice of God, and therefore infallible; and the electoral college with which this country has somehow been able to stagger along for a hundred years is discovered to be the great menace of popular government. Says the New York World, for instance: "The President ought to be elected like a governor or a senator by the voters themselves. The majority should determine regardless of state lines and regardless of artificial devices. The electoral college has been an anachronism for a hundred years so far as any independent political power is concerned. It should be eliminated completely from the political system of the country as a public evil and a public danger."

The constitution is not necessarily a good thing because it was devised a hundred years ago by men whose collective wisdom has perhaps not been equaled to this day, and he would be a bigot and a blockhead who could only argue that what was good enough for his grandfather was good enough for him; but it is surely not unwise to hesitate, and to challenge those who propose new laws and institutions to satisfactorily demonstrate their improvement over the old. Unfortunately, whenever one cries to the reformer "Halt! Prove it!" he is liable to be abused as an enemy of the people and of progress, whatever that might be.

This at any rate cannot be denied: We have had a fairly long spell of reform and popular legislating, especially in the west, and since the advent of the primaries, and other so-called manifestations of the people's will, the calibre of the men put into public office, charged with the onerous duties of federal, state and city government, has unmistakeably declined. Why is it that the standard of public-spirited citizen has been lowered? One might almost consent to the enormous cost entailed in the stupid primary campaigns if the outcome were a better selection of administrators. This is something we suggest requires an explanation from the reformer responsible for such a mess; he is of the same type who is itching to get at the Constitution.

Glance around the legislatures of the country. Where today are the intellectual giants and farsighted statesmen? Their places are occupied by the demagogues of the pork barrel, the men who can jolly the dear people into a belief it is in the cause of popular progress that a hundred-thousand-dollar post office is absolutely essential to a thousand-dollar town. But one need only read over the names of the reformers who make up the United States cabinet to immediately feel humiliated in his national pride.

It is customary to pat ourselves on the back when we compare our democratic institutions with those of the European countries. We have no kings and emperors, neither autocrat nor tyrant; but can we say absolutely that our individual standard of life, our sum total of personal happiness, is higher than that of England, France or Germany in normal times; where, not only the women, and therefore the bigger half of the population, are unenfranchised, but the number of men privileged to vote is comparatively small?

The old caucus had its faults and many of them, and

the electoral college of the constitution may not be the most perfect plan of selecting a president, but newspaper argument and public tubthumping does not conclusively demonstrate that a direct vote by Hiram, Carl, Pete and Giovanni for Mr. Wilson or for Mr. Hughes will result in a better and more unmistakeable expression of the people's desire. You might turn to the books of the wise men all down the centuries and find dozens of suggestions in statecraft, and most wonderful utopias, but they are ultimately dependent for their success upon the character of the people themselves. It is a truism that a country always gets the kind of government it deserves. Certainly when we contemplate our own government we are constrained to say that is a harsh kind of justice, but it is a wholesome lesson we wish those would learn who are prone to agitation: that legislation and more legislation is not the only means to acquire human happiness.

POETRY NOTES

Newark's Committee of One Hundred appointed to decide on the winners of prizes in the poetry contest conducted in honor of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the city, has decided how to award the three largest prizes. The first, a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, will go to Clement Wood. I suppose that this is the same Mr. Wood who sometimes contributes to *The Masses*. The second prize of one hundred and fifty dollars will go to Anna Blake Mezquida and the third prize of one hundred dollars will go to Alfred Tomdry. These seem to be new names in the poetry world and we shall watch for their work with interest. The committee hopes to announce soon the names of winners of the other prizes.

* * *

Miss Eleanor Hague of New York City, who passed last winter in California searching out the old Spanish-American folk songs that were sung in "the golden state" in the early days, has collected all of these songs, together with others from Mexico and South America, into a volume which will soon be published by The Folklore Society. Miss Hague has translated the original Spanish into fluent English verse and has reduced to musical notation the melodies to which the old songs were sung. Many of them should be exceedingly interesting to Californians who glory in the romantic past of their commonwealth.

* * *

Not long ago I gave Alfred Kreyborg's book "Mushrooms" to a young friend called "Dorothy Ann" who wanted to read it. Shortly afterwards she came to me and said that she herself had written two "mushrooms." It seems to me that she has caught his idea of form rather cleverly. I quote them because it is often said that poems by the more radical moderns have no form or pattern that is distinct and discernible. If this were strictly true it would be impossible to imitate them even for purposes of parody.

I

Once young,
Now old;
Once slim,
Now fat;
Same heart,
Same tail.

Nice little dog!

II

Stop trying!
You can't get it,
For I guard it.
Not from everyone.
From you.
You can't have it.
I WON'T let you.

Foolish little dear,
I have. * * *

The Doves

A quiet village basking in the sun
And monster doves a-sweeping down the sky
(Before the gladsome, sparkling day is done)
And beautiful they look a-sailing high.
A flash—a tremor—where the village lay
So lazy, happy in its comfort sweet—
A mass of debris acrid, dusty-gray,
Without a sign of alley, lane, or street.
Some mangled corpses piled in reddened heaps,
A child a-screaming to the smoked-filled air,
A half-crazed woman pale that wildly weeps.
The doves a-rushing badly to their lair.
What once was peaceful village, now a scar—
And this is what men civilized call war.

—WILLIAM VAN WYCK

* * *

Walter Williams, dean of the Missouri School of Journalism, says that "no one should write as a journalist what he would not say as a gentleman." As a matter of fact, the writer is under greater obligation to practice sober restraint than the talker—for the written word lives long, and goes far; while the spoken word often has but a small circulation, and thus less power for good or evil.



Southern California Women's Country Club

By Pearl Rall



WHAT a pity the gentle arts of letter-writing and keeping a diary have ceased to be practiced. Most of us when we first came to live in California were in a continual state of wonderment and daily receiving interesting impressions of this romantically fascinating young empire that now have come to be every day affairs to us and not worth noting or mentioning to others. Each winter there is a small army of tourists experiencing the same thrills that are ever new and pointing out to us matters which familiarity has made pass unnoticed, but which are really worth remarking. Don't you remember how, when you first came out here to live you went on all the sight-seeing trips: to the beaches, if you had lived in an inland town always; to San Gabriel to see the old mission and the big grape-vine; if it is summer time you go to Catalina; a surprisingly few go up Mt. Lowe, one of the finest and most inspiring trips offered hereabouts; you visit the Cawston Ostrich Farm and look at the funny, awkward birds; you stop to see the sleepy alligators about which there is an ancient but present element of danger; you pursue the "movies" to their respective lairs; formerly you tasted a flavor of old Spain at Casa Verdugo, which made you feel like calling out the fire department and wonder greatly at the ability of the dows to eat fire; you took the Kite-shaped trip to Redlands and Smiley Heights; you sought the famous Mission Inn and its quietly beautiful and artistic chapel and cells; you climbed the foothills and marveled at the eucalyptus trees; you went into ecstasies about the roses and "stumped" the oldest inhabitant you met by asking the names of all the birds, flowers, trees and places you saw. Those were great days of inspiration. You and I should have written about everything then. And you remember also how eagerly you read every scrap you ran across telling you of the history and the romance of this wonderland; how you went to school as it were again, learning about the twenty-two missions up and down the coast and mayhap if you had the time and money you visited them and fell beneath their spell. The Plaza, the little squat church just across the way, Fort Moore and various funny adobe houses scattered here and there throughout the city out of which to create romance, how they thrilled you. And how you mentally stood with bowed, uncovered head before the traditions about San Diego and the Old Town. We have every one of us experienced this to a greater or lesser degree when we first became Californians.

About twenty years ago a slight little woman of Quaker parentage came out from the quaintly peaceful Pennsylvania city of brotherly love to the great golden state. Back in Philadelphia there had been proud family traditions to preserve and glory in, and a unique and romantic record in the state, in which her ancestors had been active builders since the days when William Penn himself had directed the destinies of the colony. Like most newcomers to this state, the beautiful and strangely appealing missions seized upon herancy immediately and the habit of generations, of holding in reverent memory the formative past moved her to join in the effort to collect and preserve any fragment out of which to reconstruct the past. That woman was Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, whom most of us know from her long continued connection with this kind of work.

My first introduction to Mrs. Forbes was through the pages of one of her first books, inspired by the graphically colorful stories she had heard of "The Romantic Days of the Dons." Then came a volume relating to California History and Landmarks and latterly a comprehensive consideration of the Missions and El Camino Real. Until this year she has been working with the Landmarks Club, of which Charles F. Lummis is president; but "now I hope to crystallize those twenty years effort into something tangibly permanent for Southern California generally," she said in conversation with me recently discussing a new project with which she is busy now. In fact so busy has she been that I have been meeting her everywhere lately, on the same mission bent—the building of a memorial chapel to Colonel John C. Fremont and General Andres Pico at Cahuenga, three miles northeast of Hollywood, where was signed the treaty which made California a United States province, in January of 1847. It is her hope that this shall be headquarters for the California History and Landmarks Club, a young organization which meets once a month in the rooms of the Ruskin Art Club in the Black Building, and that it shall be particularly a Women's Country Club, in which all women of Southern California and especially of Los Angeles and vicinity shall feel an individual interest and sense of proprietorship.

But in order that it may in truth be a Women's Country Club the women must participate in more tangible way than mere sympathy expressed. This is the message she is bearing to the various women's clubs and organizations these days, asking memberships at \$5 a year from the individual or organization. "Being willing but doing nothing will not get us very far. I am sure we can do it if we so desire, and sufficiently. It will be unique and of interest to every one. It is our intention to rebuild the old chapel of Cahuenga, on the porch of which these men signed the articles of capitulation that eventful day so long ago; using the adobe of the ruin and as many of the original tiles as possible in the new structure. The smaller tiles probably we will sell as souvenirs. This chapel will be used as a museum and will be nearest the entrance on Lankershim Boulevard. In the center, according to the plan, will be an assembly hall for meetings, an enramada or dancing pavillion, roofed with palm leaves and walled by rose vines. On two sides will be open air dining rooms or pergolas for picnics and, where the little herder's house stood will be the caretaker's house and beside it a kitchen in front of which will be two bar-

\$55 that means quite an accomplishment); General Gridley Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution, through Mrs. J. H. Braly; Eschscholtzia Chapter through Mrs. Frank E. Kidder; Ruskin Art Club through Mrs. Samuel Storror; Covina Chapter through Mrs. C. Gray Curtis; Pasadena Shakespeare Club through Miss Marcia Gilmore; Ebelle Club through Mrs. Chester A. Ashley; Pasadena Parent-Teachers' Association through Mrs. Giddings and Mrs. Rosenbaum; the Pioneer Society through Mr. Decamp, its first president; Native Daughters of the Golden West through Miss Grace Stoermer and the Native Sons of the Golden West through Mr. Clarence Hunt, who is also the editor of 'The Grizzly Bear' and a very clever and energetic gentleman.

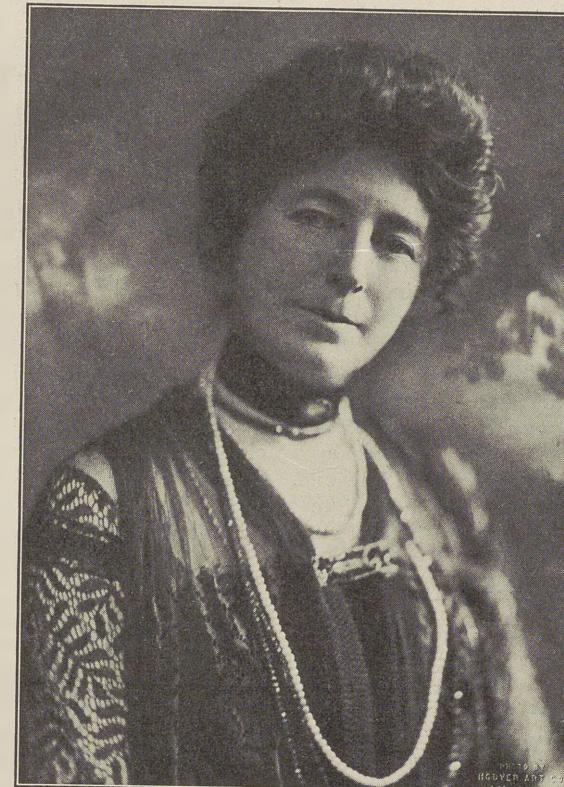
"Especially are we working for the restoration and marking of southern landmarks. Among those landmarks which have already received attention are the Abila house, Los Angeles, where Commodore Stockton made his headquarters when he took Los Angeles, January, 1847, which is in fairly good shape. El Ranchito, home of Governor Pio Pico, is safe from present destruction. El Molino, the first grist mill in this vicinity, built by Joseph Chapman, is in good repair. The stage house at Calabasas is in good state of preservation also. Fort Moore is marked by a tablet and flag pole; the site where Colonel Fremont made his headquarters while military governor of California also is marked by a tablet. These are a few in which we have been interested, and while this marking may seem a small matter to certain business-like persons who look at everything from the viewpoint of dollars and cents, this is worth while for it excites the interest of the traveler in our early history, leads him to desire to know more about this romantic land, to have these points pointed out to him and be told the traditions of the beginnings of the state.

"We have in mind the marking of three battlefields, specially; two in Los Angeles county and one in San Diego. Then there are a number of military stations, including the drum barracks at Wilmington, Camp Cady at Mojave, Tejon Pass, Rancho del Chino, between here and Riverside, and the Rancho Jurupa at Riverside. In the northern part of the state two interesting forts are Fort Miller and Fort Redding. But as I say, I am much more interested in the southern part of the state, and it is rather strange and irritating to me that we can never get any appropriation for this work in the south. The legislature is willing to recognize the north in a monetary way; but apparently we do not amount to much in the legislative mind when it comes to historical interest."

"This History and Landmarks Club meets once a month in the Ruskin Art Club headquarters in the Black Building and a vast amount of interest was displayed at the first gathering, in numbers and work reported. For the second Saturday in December my subject shall be 'The First Americans in California,' including Joseph Chapman, Jedediah Smith, Joseph Walker and Kit Carson. The January program will be given to a consideration of 'California Land Grants,' and I purpose having several of the descendants of the original grantees present, for authoritative information.

"I am also chairman of the Landmarks Preservation branch of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, the work being divided into seven districts. So you see every one is interested. Especially when I gave programs dealing with the American trappers, pathfinders, miners and the state builders, in the last two years in which I was head of this department were my audiences large and visibly deeply interested at the clubs. I feel the American note is the one for us to strike, before the corroboration of much of it is beyond us. As a member of the Friday Morning Club, the Ebelle, Ruskin Art Club, South Pasadena Improvement Association, vice-president of the Navy League of which Mrs. Randolph Miner is president, of the Eschscholtzia Chapter D. A. R., Stanton Relief Corps and honorary member of the Grand Parlor of the Native Daughters of the Golden West and of the Navy organization, which is a man's fraternity, I intend to preach this American note from now on. Meanwhile, I am studying and picking up every scrap of information I can, corroborating as much as I can and putting it into readable shape. In fact I have two books now ready for the press and I believe I have one of the best libraries relating to California history of which I have yet heard. California history is my one great hobby."

Anybody is prosperous enough to own a motor car, but to indulge daily in eggs, butter, milk and meat is to be among the elect.



—Hoover Portrait
Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, California Lover

becue pits. In the grounds it is our purpose to use California flowers, trees and everything characteristically Californian and suggestive of the early days. Close to the herder's house is the treaty tree, which is also included in the three acres on which I hold an option. Under this historic tree the Americans camped the night before the signing of the treaty. The grounds on one side are bordered by a beautiful river, full of luxuriant water cress, and a lovely spot for picnicing."

Alfred Camp, a local artist, has made a most attractive sketch of the proposed country club grounds and buildings and the blue prints show the construction with more particularity. The land, which is the property of Miss Myra Hershey, is held by option. Mrs. Forbes is decidedly optimistic with regard to the successful outcome of the project.

"This new association, known as the California History and Landmarks Club, is a very young organization, being an outgrowth of the older Landmarks Society, of which Charles F. Lummis is president and with which I have worked until recently. We are not in any way opposing that organization only we are concentrating our efforts toward the American period, while it is the missions that are of supreme interest to them. The Spanish period may be more romantic and colorful but the American is quite as important and really equally as interesting. By reason of my connection and great enthusiasm I am the president of this later club.

"At our recent meeting, the first of this year, there were twelve organizations represented and each brought a message from his or her organization. My husband told of the placing of the 400 bells on that historic old highway, El Camino Real, by the El Camino Real Association of which he is president. (and when you consider that each of those bells costs

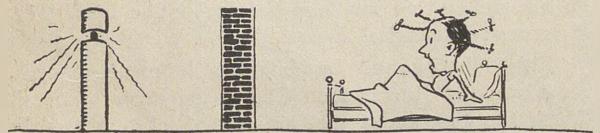
By the Way

Index of the Business World

David M. Parry, of the National City Bank, New York, who has been visiting the bankers in this section, tells me that the National City institution is extending its sphere of activities to include practically all the commercial centres of the world, so that it will be able to render service of an unusual character to business men. For instance, if you wish to know what the chances are for doing structural iron business in Przemysl; or whether there is a market for cork-legs in Calcutta, fly-papers in Fiji, baking-powder in Baku, tires in Tuschetu-Khan, or antimacassars in Antofagasta, this excellent service is at your disposal. The information will doubtless be prompter to hand than the ordinary consular reports for which we pay so much and get so little in return. When the war is over there is promise of a shaking up of the dry bones of the U. S. consulates all over the world. Other countries will be fiercely keen for business, and Uncle Sam will be compelled, willy-nilly, to remove his long and languid legs from the dusty desks of his consulates and hump himself down to work, if he is not to be left behind. However, Mr. Parry's organization is not content to wait for the conclusion of the war. Business men want their data right now, and he is going to see that they get it.

The Envy of the East

D. M. Linnard, Walter Raymond, D. W. Herlihy, A. J. Bertonneau and the other fine fellows who are responsible for the big New Year's Day tournament of roses, for which Southern California has become famous, promise us the "greatest ever." I should say that we fortunates who are privileged to live here chuckle more over this single event than over any other when we think of the poor shivering mortals in the east. Roses, and roses in prodigal profusion, on New Year's day, are something which the eastern imagination must boggle at. Well, here is Southern California, free to all, roses and all. Let 'em come. There is enough and to spare. Mr. Linnard whispers me, *entre nous*, that they are coming.



Remarkable Achievement

One of the local papers noted that a leading lady in the east had stated she spent very little time in dressing each day, and following up the efficiency idea, sent a representative out and about in Los Angeles to interview society women on the subject. A number of them with great reluctance consented with photo and diagrams to tell an anxious world how many minutes and seconds they consumed in their daily decoration. One lady had got her system down to a fine point. Including her bath she only takes eleven minutes to be ready to walk out. But in these strenuous days for society ladies, why the bath? I am assured that nowadays it is simply not being done, that in the most exclusive circles the daily tub has long been abandoned as bourgeois in the extreme, and that once a week, on Saturday night, is the correct thing. However, all this intimate personal publicity is in the line of progress and I suggest that The Times organize a dressing competition, in which the ladies may start fair at the word go from the one and only siren, and see if this almost unbelievable eleven minutes record cannot be smashed.

Here's a Treasure House

If you are a book-lover you will break the "covet" commandment, should you call in at Raymond Gould's studio in Fifth street and see the rich collection of tomes placed on exhibition by George M. Millard, of South Pasadena. There is Robert Browning's leather traveling case of classics, eleven volumes in Greek, carried around by the poet for at least twenty-two years, as the marginal notes and dates show. There is a Kelmscott Chaucer, put out by William Morris, declared by critics to head the finest examples of the printed book. It has eighty-seven plates by Burne-Jones. Then there is a three-volume folio Bible, richly

illuminated, executed for Aymar de Pointiers, grandfather of the famous Diana de Poitiers, mistress of Henry II. Its value is placed at around twenty thousand dollars. A dainty "Book of Hours," belonging originally to Mary of Burgundy, which, bearing the arms of Burgundy and Portugal, was doubtless done in celebration of royal nuptials, is the book about which, readers of The Graphic will recall, Samuel T. Clover wrote a two-column admiration some time ago. There is a "Planta's Paris," the Baedeker of long ago, which belonged to Thackeray, with an autograph 1829, and containing many of Thackeray's quaint drawings in the title-page and margins of characters he came across when in the gay city. A first edition of Ben Jonson, 1616, giving in the cast of one play the name of Will Shakespeare as "star," and a volume of original sketches by George Cruikshank, are among other treasures; but some of the most interesting exhibits are relics of Charles Dickens. These include his writing-desk, his penstand, eye-glasses, ivory card-case, and quill-cutter, bequeathed by Dickens to his sister-in-law, Georgina Hogarth, who is still living, and direct from whom Mr. Millard obtained the souvenirs.



McAdoo About Nothing

Secretary McAdoo, complacent and platitudinous as ever, blew into Los Angeles the other day and out again. He informed us on a multitude of things, and implied that we ought to be as pleased with ourselves as he is with himself. Said he, "the farm loan banks will revolutionize the farming industry." Now, the president's son-in-law has been uttering that with parrot-like iteration for a long time. He "doth protest too much," so that his protestation carries no meaning. A responsible minister of state ought not to be going round using loose language of that character. To say the least, it is derogatory to the family reputation for precision of words. Brains and markets, fertilizers, weather and soil conditions have considerably more to do with success of the agricultural industry than any scheme of loaning money which does not make a good borrower out of a bad one. Interest at five percent is certainly more helpful to the farmer than eight to twelve percent but it cannot bring about the millennium.

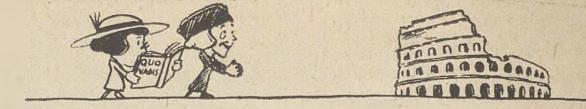
One Result of Good Roads

Six hundred thousand bicycles have been manufactured in the United States this last year, compared with three hundred thousand in 1915, and it is confidently expected by the trade that no less than one million machines will be sold in 1917. Must be trying to keep pace with the population of Los Angeles. The makers at any rate should be rejoicing that California has carried the road bonds this election, because undoubtedly the provision of good roads has been a great factor in this marvelous growth of the bicycle business. When I compare the quality of the modern safety and its astonishingly low price with the wheel products of my callow youth, I can hardly believe that there were men rich enough to possess and brave enough to mount the old high wheel. I am reminded that in those earlier days of the velocipede, S. S. McClure, the magazine man, and Fred Alden, who is now living in Corona, California, were instructors on the old Columbia at the salesrooms of the Pope manufacturing company in Boston.



Bronze Trojan for U. S. C. Campus

A life-size bronze statue of a Trojan warrior of old, in full armor, will soon grace the campus of the University of Southern California, if present plans of the students are carried to a successful culmination. It is proposed to erect the statue, with a high pedestal, on the tree-shaded lawn of the College of Liberal Arts, where it will be a rallying-point for student ceremonials of every sort. Football and baseball teams of the University have had the term Trojan applied to them for several years. It was invented by Owen R. Bird, formerly a sporting writer in this city, at a time when the University was the only institution in or near the city playing intercollegiate football with teams from the northern part of the state. Because of the University men's heroic defense of the city's good name, Bird conceived the idea that they were fighting like the doughty men of Troy of whom Homer sings, and promptly nicknamed them the Trojans. The title "stuck," and is now universally used.



Whither Goest Thou?

What foundation there is for the statement that Henryk Sienkiewicz, whose death is reported this week, wrote Quo Vadis while living in Los Angeles, I cannot say; but at one time he lived for a period at the famous old hostelry, Pico House. As every school-child knows, Quo Vadis purports to deal with the time of Nero, and is full of scrumptious thrills descriptive of the hurling of the Christians to the month-hungry lions of the Coliseum; and all the more exciting because they are "based on history." The book was translated into over thirty languages. poking around in the gaunt aisles of the Coliseum I have frequently come across a group of awestricken maidens from the Middle West, each with a nice new copy of Quo Vadis instead of the red-backed Baedeker, gazing at the "authentic spots" where Sienkiewicz's characters went through their nerve- and body wracking experiences. For years in Rome the novel has had the vogue of a best-seller. What the guides and sight-seeing purveyors owe to its author it is impossible to estimate, but they have certainly cause to bless his name. The Italian professors of history must often had something approaching a brainstorm when they contemplated the harm done to their cause by this book. Guglielmo Ferrero is mighty interesting, and as reliable as most historians, but he would be the first to admit that he cannot hope to compete with Sienkiewicz for the favor of the hundreds of thousands of young sightseers who "do" Rome. Robert Hamilton, the Indiana educator, once remarked to me that it is advisable to read your history book first, then your historical novel, and then again go through your historical course, if you are to get a correct valuation. Sounds like good advice.



Field Club for College Fellows

Students at U. S. C. are planning to become more fully acquainted with the flowers, birds, animals and insect life of Southern California. To this end, they have organized a natural history club, in which every student who enjoys the out-of-doors is permitted to participate, whether he knows much about biology and zoology when he enters, or not. The club will take several all-day outings to the mountains and to the beaches. Which beaches and what kind of bugs will be indicated later, I suppose. That reminds me. A couple of English college men who were as enthusiastic about birds and bugs as any natural history man at U. S. C., sought to play a joke on Charles Darwin. They carefully mounted a weird specimen consisting of wings, body, proboscis and legs of different insects, nicely glued together, and asked Darwin what kind of a bug it was. After a momentary glance the old man, with eyes gleaming through his "specs," said, "Well, boys, if you ask me, I should say it is a Hum-bug." But the undergrads are going to classify themselves as well as the posies. No longer is it possible for a visitor on the campus to mistake a budding freshman for a staid and dignified senior. The freshmen wear a bright green jockey cap with a small, red button. The sophomores appear in all the glory of grey, flannel shirts, with the class numeral ('19) worked in red as a monogram on the breast pocket. Members of the junior class wear corduroy trousers, but cannot by any chance be mistaken for Italian section hands. Seniors wear corduroys and sombreros.

Anent That Spanish Controversy

Well, well! What a fine fuss has been created among the savants Spanish by a modest paragraph of a month or so ago in The Graphic. At first I regarded the controversy raging in contemporary papers from a mildly interested viewpoint but as the argument waxed warmer and as I have received so many communications anent the subject I have developed a much more lively view of the matter. Authorities seem to disagree widely. Says one of my contributors, in commenting upon the contention of Don yo de Chiltepín, "May I be permitted to tender my sincere congratulations to the Times' Critic and Analyzer of Graphic news and views. (At least, he reads The Graphic and that is a most hopeful sign that in time his grammar may improve!)" Then he grows quite caustic, quoting from Henry Carey (1663-1743). And more from others. But I believe upon the authority of two such scholarly men of affairs in which an exact knowledge of Spanish is required as is represented by my first cor-

respondent, Mr. James M. Sheridan, a translator of the Spanish and recently named for the consulates of Venezuela, Panama and the Argentine Republic for this city, formerly assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, and Dr. J. Ziegner-Uriburu, a recognized authority by reason of his former scholastic connections in South America, that a real issue has been raised of far more importance than we all dreamed.

Club Atmosphere in the Grill

Have you noticed how very much like a good club the Alexandria Hotel is becoming? And is it not the best kind of testimony to the worth of such an institution that its patrons look upon it in that light? I refer especially to the grill room, where in the middle of the day are to be seen the Californians who are doing things, and with always a fair sprinkling of men of national repute. How often you hear the remark "Let's lunch at the club, so that we can have a quiet talk," because in many hotels it is thought necessary to have a lot of clutter and clatter in the table service in order to create the impression that a "roaring business" is being done. At the Alexandria you can be sure of carrying on conversation with your guest without unnecessary and fussy interruptions by the waiter. Silent service is evidently the grill room slogan, and yet as in a well-regulated club, you need only raise your eye-brow a fraction of an inch to obtain prompt and efficient attention. Whether it be by spontaneous growth or careful design and nurture this club atmosphere is something upon which C. B. Nagel, the maitre d'hotel, may congratulate himself.



The Punch in Help Wanted

Holworthy Hall, who has many friends in Southern California, need hardly fear for the success in our current literature of his story "Help Wanted," now running serially in Collier's, if it produces in a general sense the effect I noted the other night on the corner druggist. He apparently felt the "punch" in the story to the extent that for the time he became utterly oblivious of the call of business. I had dropped in to get my usual copy of Collier's. The store was brilliantly lighted but no one was in sight behind the counter. I waited several minutes, then rapped on the counter. Nothing happened. Meantime, another customer came in. I had about concluded that my druggist friend had been called outside, or perhaps had gone to supper, when I heard a rustle behind the partition at the rear of the store, and then he hurried out. He seemed a bit flustered. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Mixing drugs?" "N-o." He paused. "I was just—" "Well sell me my copy of Collier's and I'll be on my way," I interrupted. "That's just it." He paused again and surveyed the copy of Collier's in his hand. "I was just read—I was trying to finish—you see, this is the last copy I have and I was trying to finish this story 'Help Wanted' when you came in." He looked ruefully at the magazine, then offered it to me with what resembled the limit of reluctance. "Well," I smiled, "if that's the way you feel about it, why not keep the magazine, finish your story, and I'll drop around after supper and get it." His face lighted up with the effect of a full moon. "Say, will you do that?" he responded gratefully. "That will be fine."

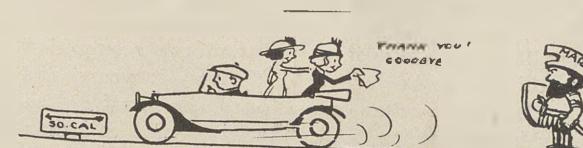


Has Made Poetry Pay

James W. Foley, poet, lecturer, nature lover, who has many books to his credit that have reached the hearts of the common folk as well as the "highbrow," is with us for the winter and is domiciled in Pasadena. This is not Mr. Foley's first visit and he does not come to reside among strangers for he has made a wide circle of warm friends here. Nor will he be permitted to forget business—if poetry and literary matters and their promotion can be viewed in the light of business—for early in December he will appear before the Ebell Club for his first lecture engagement in California. Mr. Foley has punctured that old fallacy that regards poverty and a hectic flush as necessary accompaniments of poetical genius. While Mr. Foley's poetical eye in a fine frenzy rolleth he also has an eye for the publishing market and has made poetry pay and pay well. Even poets of the present day are "becoming wise," as the boy says, to efficiency methods and are learning scientific management.

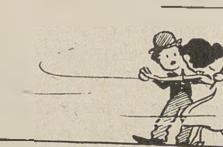
Church Periodical on "Intolerance"

An esteemed contemporary, hailing from San Francisco and representing the largest of our Protestant denominations, attacks Griffith's great picture-play in no measured way, terming it a "spectacular appeal to prejudice, an apology for wickedness, a condemnation of law and order and morality." This is surely a bit too sweeping. The ethics of the play may be flabby enough, good charitable people who interfere with other's affairs in the cause of decency and righteousness may be held up to a too constant ridicule, and sufficient respect may not be paid to the foundations of our civilized life; but when the editor asserts that it "advocates the ideals of the beastly civilization of Babylon," he passes all bounds of historical and other propriety. From Babylon and its wonderful and glorious civilization came the ideas of sovereignty, order and of law which trained even the old prophets and preachers of Israel in wisdom. Without Babylon ancient civilization would have been paltry. In the interests of a reverent study of history, let us avoid so sweeping and unworthy a condemnation; it ensures reaction.



Coming of the War Brides

Indications are that Southern California is to have a record influx of visitors this winter, and among them there is sure to be a whole host of war brides. How far it is true that the Entente Allies have decided in future to make all their munitions at home I cannot say, but the number of fortunes made in the east already must be rather staggering; and the hotels and resorts of Los Angeles, Pasadena, Riverside and Coronado are preparing to participate in that prosperity. When the U. S. Steel Corporation can put a cool twenty million dollars extra on its pay-roll it sounds good. The outward and visible signs of a war bride, I should say, would be an overnight transition from a Ford to a Pierce-Arrow. But what's the use of a beautiful automobile if the roads are muddy or frozen-rutty? There are no roads like ours in California and no climate. The war brides cannot help but come. And it is a certainty to bank upon that when they do come a good many will make their nests here and feather them with the wealth they owe to Mars.



"Movies" To Stage Real Event

While a contingent of Hollywood citizens are vigorously seeking to force the photoplayers in their midst to emulate the itinerant strollers of old, or at least to seek new fields, these artists of the silent drama are planning, evidently, to prolong their stay in Hollywood forever. At least it is, that members of the Hollywood Photo Players' Club are preparing to build for themselves a permanent club house there. In order to secure funds for this purpose, the organization is to give a "Movie Ball" at Shrine Auditorium Thanksgiving Eve. For several days traffic on our busy city streets has been held up bytmes by wandering Charlie Chaplins, Chester Conklins and other illustrious screen folk advertising the great forthcoming event.

Cherchez l'Homme

Friday's Symphony concert was enjoyed by a large and representative audience, but I was surprised that there were so few men present. I know that the men-folk belonging to a good many of the women present may not plead the excuse of press of business at the office. They quite honestly prefer to ponder over the intricacies of the putt—not necessarily at the nineteenth hole—on the links of one of the country clubs, than over the subtleties of Dvorak; but I would timidly suggest that their "royal and ancient game" would not necessarily suffer—nor, for that matter, would the banks and business houses deteriorate in efficiency so that you could notice it—if husbands would give an occasional two hours to escort their wives to the Symphony. If for no other reason than that the Los Angeles Symphony has a good national reputation it should have the support of all who take pride in the fair name of their city. By the way, I encountered Mr. Behymer at the concert, and he told me that he had no reason to believe untrue the statement that John McCormack had sacrificed fifteen thousand dollars in order to keep faith with his Los Angeles audience. This is both a compliment to the city and to Mr. Behymer.



Chewing-gum and Base-ball

News of a crane's predatory raids on the gold-fish of William Wrigley, at Pasadena, reminds me somehow of chewing gum. And chewing gum reminds me of baseball. In the old days ball players were notorious for their tobacco-chewing propensities, but now they have turned unto gum, and chew nineteen to the dozen, what time the fans masticate in unison long after the flavor has fled. Seventy-five per cent of the average twenty-five-thousand crowd seems to chew gum, and to gaze upon the moving jaws of the multitude, accelerated according to the varying excitement of the ball game, must be a noble and inspiring spectacle for any chewing-gum magnate. And that reminds me again that William Wrigley, junior, is owner of the Chicago Cubs, and it is possible, if convenient arrangements can be made, that he may bring the famous team for their winter training to Pasadena. I have always held that the joie de vivre should be given more attention in the generally hard-bitten life of the ball-player, and where on earth could he enjoy life in the winter to fuller measure than in Pasadena?

Handing It To Herbert

"Could I invent some acid, bitter-stinging speech, some new tongue far beyond English in sharpness, I might begin to describe the spectacle of incredible vulgarity—of miserable intent and culmination—which is to be viewed upon the New Amsterdam stage this month. English shrinks—becomes the prattled tongue of babes—at thought of it." Thus A. Non, talking about Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's "Merchant of Venice." "Is the great wind which has blown the dust from the theaters of Germany, bearing Craig and Reinhart and Barker upon its back, echoing even here in America, to be completely discounted, silenced, by this vulgarian, this soulless, thoughtless, casual, shambling buffoon?"

Lifetime Devoted to an Ideal

Dr. Jabez Montgomery, who died last week at the home of his son and only surviving relative, Prof. J. H. Montgomery, 1319 West Thirty-seventh place, was 77 years old, for forty-three of which he had pursued with unflagging enthusiasm the ideal of education. A lover of science, he devoted his life to passing on the sacred flame of knowledge to others. For twelve years he taught at Woodstock College, then for six years at Kalamazoo College, and for twenty years at Ann Arbor high school, Ann Arbor, Mich. For his "sunset time" he came to California, and passed five well-deserved years of retirement at Long Beach. Dr. Montgomery was born at Marion City, Ind., Oct. 5, 1839. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1867, and was made a Doctor of Philosophy by the same institution in 1881. The son by whom he is survived, Prof. J. H. Montgomery, is Registrar of the University of Southern California and Professor of Electrical Engineering.

Deutschland carries back 1,000 tons of gold, silver and rubber for the starving babies of Germany.

The Censor



Fair Maid: And would you say, Tom, that was the real casus belli?
Shocked Mother: How often, Mary, have I told you to say "stomach"?

PROVERBS OF THE CELTS

By James Main Dixon

SAYS an old proverb "The Irishman's wit is on his tongue but the Scotsman is aye ahint the hand," or in other words, "after the time." Which is as much as to say that Irish wit shines in repartee, but the Scotsman bottles up his wisdom carefully in a proverb to be poured out judiciously afterwards. A Scot and a Jew have both a good reputation for driving a keen bargain, and both peoples have furnished the world with a whole armory of proverbs.

We get the word "proverb," of course, from the Latin where it originally signifies a word spoken for public use or benefit. The old English term was "saw;" and "Sawney" has always been good at saws. The Greek word used in the Septuagint is *Paroinia*, which means a saying meant for the public ear; bottled wisdom for coming generations to use:

In ancient days, tradition says,
When knowledge was much stinted—
When few could teach and fewer preach,
And books were not yet printed—
What wise men thought, by prudence taught,
They pithily expounded;
And proverbs sage, from age to age,
In every mouth abounded.
O blessings on the men of yore,
Whom wisdom thus augmented!
And left a store of easy lore
For human use invented.

A recent authority on proverbs, Dwight Edwards Marvin—his middle name at least is Welsh—remarks that the proverbs in daily use among the Welsh are more religious in tone than is common. Apart from the sayings of the Jewish Rabbis, which became the common property of the dispersed Jews, there are more Welsh phrases which suggest the Wisdom books of the Bible than can be found in any other part of the world. Here are a few of these: "The best choice is to do good;" "The best friend is an easy conscience;" "The common sayings of the multitude are too true to be laughed at;" "The snail deserves the end of its journey."

Then we have proverbs about the Welsh. The Taffies were noted for their love of cheese. Readers of Shakespeare will remember the remark in the "Merry Wives of Windsor"; "I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, Parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, and Irishman with my aqua vitae." They were also famous for their tenacity: "The Welshman keeps nothing till he has lost it."

The authority whom I have already quoted has a good word for the tone and temper of Gaelic maxims, especially those found in the ordinary speech of the Scotch Highlanders. "They never," he says, "commend wrong nor speak slightly of virtue. In studying them one is impressed with their constant approval of industry, self-control and kindness. Not a few are witty and some are flippant, but it is rare to find one that indicates a bitter or vindictive spirit. While the proverbs of other lands sometimes sneer at women, those spoken by the Highlanders refer to them as the honored companions of the home and worthy of the highest respect." "Who speaks ill of his wife dishonors himself," is a Gaelic saying that reflects the tone of all the proverbs of the people. The evil result of harsh words to a wife in public are brought out in the pithy Scotch proverb: "If the laird slighted the leddy, sae will the stable laddie." The Lowlander is more matter-of-fact, however, and less prone to sentiment than the Highlander. While giving the woman the honored place of a partner, she must stand reproof and plain-spoken warnings as well as the man. I fail to find in many collections of proverbs that, to me, most significant of Scotch saws: "Wherever there is a silly Jock there is a silly Jenny."

The old manner of Scotch wooing revealed by proverb was not elegant according to our modern ideas. The saying, "There's my thoom, I'll ne'er beguile thee" comes from the custom in Scotland when lovers plighted their troth, to lick the thumbs of each other's right hands, which they pressed together, and vow fidelity.

The Scot is wary of the law. "Hame's hamely, quo' the de'il when he found himself in the court o' Sessions." The Irish devil is fond of fair play: "Turn about is fair play," as the devil said to the smoke-jack." The Scot has also an inherent respect for intelligence or wit: "Wit is better than world's gear." Especially good is the intelligence gained in the hard school of experience. "Better one wisdom bought," says the Gaelic proverb, "than two or a dozen got for naught." And the Manxman has a qualification of this "Bought wit is best if not bought too dear."

Let me quote two sayings about the bagpipes before we are done with the Gael. "There's baith meat and music here," quo' the dog when he ate the piper's bag. The other is about the Irish bagpipes: "He is like the

bagpipes, he never makes a noise till his belly's full." Irish proverbs are supposed to be graceful—like this last, I suppose. Here is a graceful one, also, about noise: "The stars make no noise." This quality of grace is one seemingly denied to the more matter-of-fact Scottish; although we have the very graceful: "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew." The Scot shows little respect for "the gentle man that pays the rent." For example: "Mair whistle than woo, quo' the souter when he sheared the soot." "Pigs may whistle but they have an ill mou' for it." "There's an unco splutter, quo' the soot in the gutter."

We find in Scottish proverbs a quiet acceptance of unpleasant but wholesome truths. Instead of the complacent and often dangerous "Honesty is the best policy," we have the blunt: "The deil's bairns hae aye their dady's luck." "Lang leal, lang poor." There is also the insistence of high ambitions if we would gain any measure of success: "He that bodes a silk gown will aye get a sleeve o't;" and the recognition that a thing is to be judged by the way it wears, and not by the source or reputation: "The proof o' the pudding is the preeing o't." "Better a gude calf than a calf of a gude kind."

A general study of Scot proverbs leaves us with the assurance that here as elsewhere the Scot is kindly and rejects a hard individualism. There is only one proverb that seems an exception: to the effect that if you do a man a good turn you may expect trouble and ingratitude: "Do a man a gude turn, and he'll ne'er forgive you." But this is traced to the Scandinavian Shetland and Orkneys, where the wreckers wanted an excuse for leaving the shipwrecked mariners to perish. Those of you who know "The Pirate," a story by the great Sir Walter, will remember how this heartless philosophy was taught to the islanders as a piece of superstition. The kindly Scot believes with the old writer of Ecclesiasticus; that "good partnership is one of the sweetest things of life;" "A friend and a companion never meet amiss, and a wife and her husband is above both." There is a whole bunch of such proverbs in the Scottish: "Twa heids are better than ane," as the wife said when she and her dog gaed to the market." "Twa heids are better than ane tho' they are but sheep's anes."

GRAPHITES

London soot and yellow fog play havoc with the United States flags at the American consulate office. An English laundress hired to restore their pristine glory, boiled Old Glory, causing the colors to run. When George Washington, Consul General Skinner's colored messenger, viewed the streaky flags, he scolded the woman, who said that, anyhow, she hadn't put any starch in 'em. "No," retorted George, "that's one flag that doesn't need any starch in it."

Not content with "bullying" wheat prices out of all reason, Chicago speculators have now succeeded in cornering the cold storage egg market. Eight men now controlling 31,500 dozen. The eggs they bought last spring at twenty-two cents a dozen are now held at forty-five cents and the syndicate can easily put the price to fifty cents if it desires. When it comes to manipulating foodstuffs, Chicago can give the world cards and spades.

Emmy Destinn, the opera singer, found a robber in her Riverside Drive home the other night and when the police arrived on a hurry-up call, they located the intruder abaft the scuttle, on the roof. He was wounded in the scuffle to put him under arrest and then it was found that he had tried to carry off stage jewelry. What a tragedy!

Out of 240,000,000 passengers carried over the lines of the Southern Pacific Company in the last eight years, but one person has been killed in a train accident, states Charles S. Fee, passenger traffic manager. The company operates rail and water transportation lines aggregating about 16,000 miles, 10,500 of which are rail operated by steam, 1,000 operated by electricity and 4,500 steamship and boat.

Norway is showing increasing bitterness toward Germany because of the submarine warfare directed toward her merchant ships. The Norwegian press pronounces it piracy and is vehemently urging the government to take drastic action. Thus far 171 Norwegian ships and 140 Norwegian sailors have paid toll to the German undersea destroyers.

INFORMAL NEWS FROM THE TRENCHES

UNDER recent date line and from Somerville, Oxford, a letter from a British Tommie imparts a bit of informal information as to life in the trenches to a Los Angeles friend, in a fashion that is direct and free from flourishes. It is for that reason the more interesting. He says:

"I was delighted to get your letter today. I wondered whether you had had mine, as so many letters have not arrived these few months. It was absurd, the authorities not being able to trace me. However, I am glad I got your last all right."

"Perhaps you are surprised at the postmark and the address. The reason is that on September 16th I tried without success to stop a German m.g. bullet with my thigh. The bullet went right through and smashed the bone en route. A week later I arrived at Oxford. I expect to remain in bed another three weeks and hope to be out of hospital by Christmas and soon after to get married. You see the Somme show started before I got my leave and of course they couldn't keep us out of it for long. I can tell you we gave Fritz a good deal worse than he ever gave us. As you know I passed an autumn and winter at Ypres salient, but the worst we ever got there was nothing to what we are giving him practically daily on the Somme. It is really an absolute fact that they come over in large numbers to surrender. You should see their faces when once they get to our lines, where they as a rule are very good, acting as stretcher bearers. Once in our lines they are willing to risk their own fire. Often they give our Tommies souvenirs . . . they are so eager to please and gain favor. I have seen heaps of them too, both in camps and working our roads, very content."

"What you read about our airmen is quite true too, as letters we took off prisoners show. One fellow with literary aspirations poured a torrent of invective on the impudent-low-flying-rifle-fired-at-British-airmen (all one word). One morning they did not get breakfast until two p. m. because we were flying overhead. You hear a lot about the Fokker. We have a little monoplane much faster which gives the boche a bad time."

"I often wonder what the majority of Americans think of England's share in the war. One of the great ideas of the boche is to try to get neutrals and our allies to believe that we are not doing our share—while at the same time they hail us as their arch-enemy. It is not for me to make out our case. Each of the allies is doing their limit, and what more can one do? I think, and I am glad of the opportunity of saying it to a neutral—that probably the French are the heroes of the day. Their sustained effort, their spirit of self-sacrifice and their accomplishments are incredible. While the former is the surprise of Europe, and, in fact, I think, the whole world, the tribute they pay to us as individuals and as a nation in their press is so encouraging and inspiring in these days of ingratitude and self-conceit."

"However, the war is not over yet, but I think we can say that is not near but at least in sight. Will write soon again old man, best of luck."

"Yours as always,
—S. D. H."

Our navy is the only one in the world with a self-sinking submarine. Down in Brooklyn Navy Yard, you know, with not a man aboard, with not a wheel turned, tied to the pier, an American submarine sank, mortified at the lack of manhood and the Secretary of the Navy.

Gabrielle d'Annunzio, poet, has been made a captain for bravery in attack. He had previously been decorated for his valorous services. D'Annunzio is in the airplane corps and in his several flights over Trieste he dropped poems instead of bombs. In his case the poetry, probably, was preferable.

"Strictly fresh" storage eggs have been detected and denounced by women inspectors of the National Housewives' League. You can fool a woman part of the time, but not all of the time, especially when the object of suspicion is the humble hen fruit.

While the kaiser has his hand in restoring small kingdoms to their pristine glory, why not include Belgium?

The Lord sends the sunshine and the rain, but the farmer must do his own ploughing.

Red tape is the poorest kind of material for clothing an American soldier.

The proper function of the postal service is business and not politics.

Music

By W. Francis Gates

WHILE musical events are coming thick and fast, the one of most importance in its bearings was that of the opening concerts of the Symphony season, which took place last Friday and Saturday at Trinity auditorium. The reason for this position is in the fact that the Symphony concerts represent the best local endeavor and the highest local aspiration in things musical. The visiting artist comes and goes—with his \$400 or his \$4,000, as the case may be. He plays well or ill, as may be the state of his digestion that day. He cares nothing for Los Angeles save as one of the hundred cities in which he plays this season. But the Symphony orchestra is on a higher plane than mere salary getting. For years it was conducted without salaries. Its income by no means meets its current expenses—consequently the amounts subscribed by its hundreds of supporters represent their desire for the best musical product that local material can give.

None of its members or supporters would say our orchestra is the equal of the Boston or Chicago orchestra; its conductor does not lay claim to the mantle of Seidl, Thomas or Mahler, nor yet to be the competitor of Damrosch, Muck, or Hertz. But the Symphony Association, the members of the orchestra, the conductor and the managers all are doing their best to reach a higher level in the matter of orchestral music; and these first concerts of the season demonstrated a distinct gain in that respect.

The program included a Schubert overture, the "New World" symphony, Liszt's first "Symphonic Poem," and an arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance"—a heavy filling between light crusts—the sugary pastry employed to attract the wary attendant. For that reason, the program was not an ideal one. The repetition of the "New World" symphony—this was the seventh time it has been played by this orchestra—was to offer the easiest (to listen to) first, again with an eye to the windward.

The added string players gave more virility and solidity to the mass of tone and a stronger string quality with which to combat the forces of brass and wood wind. On the other hand, from the number of changes and additions in the orchestra, it could not be expected that perfect results could be obtained so early in the season. This showed especially in the Liszt "Symphonic Poem," where there were ragged spots and inaccurate entrances. As to structure and complexion, the orchestra is in the best shape it ever has known and as the season progresses undoubtedly it will respond more and more to the director's requirements.

Of the works performed at this Symphony concert, there is but one which demands extended mention—and that is the Liszt "Symphonic Poem," "What One Hears on the Mountain." The Dvorak "New World" Symphony has served its day as a provoker of musical belligerence. It has been argued up hill and down as to its thematic origin. But the Liszt work was new to this orchestra and this locality. Beethoven and Berlioz had suggested paths for program music, but it remained for Liszt boldly to strike out on this new road, the symphonic poem—symphonic in style and yet not in form, a fitting vehicle for his free spirit, which was not at home in the trammels of strict form, though he had mastered its requirements. He wrote twelve works of this kind, of which the present is the first.

In these works, Liszt assumed a leading literary or historic figure and endowed it with a musical theme, on which he worked up the composition. This figure is treated in diverse way, and, in this feature, there is a similarity between his work and that of Wagner. Speaking of Wagner, he once wrote Liszt concerning these same early symphonic poems: "They are the only music I have anything to do with at present. Every day I read one or the other as I would a poem and I feel as if I had dived into a crystalline depth, there to live for an hour my own proper life. Refreshed and invigorated, I come to the surface again. My friend, you have the power. . . . I am convinced you are the greatest musician of all time."

(Evidently Wagner was getting ready to "touch" his future father-in-law for one of his periodic loans.)

This first poem is called by the Germans "Die Bergsymphonie." It was sketched as early as 1835 but was not completed until 1849 and was first played in 1853, when Liszt was in his prime. The inspiration for it came from a poem of Victor Hugo, the subject being a contrast of nature's perfection with man's misery. It was rather peculiar that Liszt should have been attracted to this subject, as he saw little of the misery of life—not nearly so much as did Wagner. There is a certain amount of tone painting in this work. If one wants to seek figures he may say the rush of the waves is heard in the muted strings; the elements of battle in the horns and wild winds; on the other hand, the harp pictures peaceful landscapes in sweeping arpeggio and the oboe tunes its peaceful lay in a bucolic scene. Into this comes the cry of man, tossed and tormented, and his cry of agony is heard again and again. Then comes the question in the poem, "Why is man here?" And finally, the answer given in the music is—as might be expected from Liszt—a religious touch, in an "andante religioso;" and then enters a new theme, picturing faith. Liszt was something of a religious and a mystic. You will remember he took half orders—but he postponed this until he had tasted all the joys of the world—as many damsels clear across Europe could testify.

One writer finds in this symphonic poem a tone picture of the discord of the universe as solved by the religious impulse. But whether one takes his music mixed with mysticism, with religion, theosophy or plain churchianity, the question is as to the mystic itself—the admixture of other mental playthings matters little. As music, these poems represent Liszt at almost his best, in his prime of life. This example shows his wonderful versatility of thought, dramatic feeling, sense of poetic color and consummate skill in handling the orchestral forces.

He wrote an immense quantity of music—orchestra, chorus, solo, piano—but it is like many a deep river—the froth comes to the top. His best works seldom are heard and the people know only three Hungarian Rhapsodies and very few other things. Consequently, this performance was all the more welcome as showing the real Liszt, the man of whom Wagner wrote in his flattering vein, "You are the greatest."

What is it about John McCormick's singing that so captivates the public and pulls the good hard dollars from its pocket until the management will not take any more? Any one who has this secret to sell (with a guarantee) can make his fortune without singing tenor.

Here was the Shrine auditorium, seating about 6200 persons, crowded to the brim—and two thousand more wanting tickets—even inserting advertisements in the papers offering premiums for the same. My, My! how it must have rung the Behymer heart to turn back the money to those two thousand, when it was announced that an "indisposition" had indisposed Mr. McCormick to give his two recitals here last week and that one last Tuesday night would take the place of the two. Had the two been given, at least 10,000 persons would have heard the tenor.

The program opened with two Handel songs, passed through a German group and—came out in Ireland and stayed there. The first were sung in a way to please the musician and the others were sung in a manner that pleased the other nine-tenths of the audience, the Schubert "Ave Maria" was especially delicious.

McCormick appeals with his natural beauty of tone, a voice much better suited to his ballad programs than to the opera. He appeals by singing English in English and the kind of English that can be understood. And then he makes a further appeal by using many "people's songs," ballads that must be heard from the singer's mouth, inasmuch as they have been heard on the phonograph.

It is a case of Julie O'Grady and the Colonel's lady at McCormick's concerts. In one direction was the wife of the

road and a party from San Francisco—and over there was a party of thirty girls from a big restaurant, who had sent to the Behymer office their thirty one dollar pieces for seats. They are "all the same under the skin," when it comes to hearing a love-lorn ballad. In other words, it pays better to appeal to the emotions than it does to the brains. Second to the emotional, as a paying proposition, is the sensational. And lastly comes the intellectual—exemplified at the Symphony concert next Saturday night. Did it attract anything like 6200?

John McCormick has learned what many a musician never discovers—that it pays best to give the people what they want. His violinist, Donald MacBeath, goes a little further into real music and plays several good selections with feeling and intelligence commingled, though with small tone.

McCormick, the tenor, MacBeath, the violinist, McSweeney, the travelling manager and MacBehymer the local manager, all seemed satisfied with the results of the concert, and the remainder of the family, in the audience expressed its enjoyment in no uncertain terms.

For the coming Schuman-Heink recitals at San Francisco, the manager announces that there are 4,000 seats to be had at fifty cents. This can be done because of the size of the Exposition auditorium in which the concerts are to be held. And Schuman-Heink will make more money than if she charged twice as much, and will double the pleasure and instruction her singing gives. That is, she would make more money if she kept the money. But her proceeds of the first concert she is going to divide between the German war victims and the charitable societies of San Francisco. That spirit of humanity endears her to the public even more than her magnificent singing.

Students at the College of Music, University of Southern California, held their monthly public recital Thursday afternoon at the college building. Thirtieth-second and Figueroa streets. An interesting group of selections for voice, violin and piano were given by Misses Mabel Culver, Zatzie Duncan, Louise Bowen, Helen Braiddig, Margaret Atwater, Guelph McQuinn, and Mary Wilkes. The program was entirely made up of selections from the works of MacDowell.

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Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke Stephens

ALTHOUGH formal announcement is not to be made at the present time, yet society this week is finding much interest in the engagement of Miss Frieda Maw, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Maw, to Mr. Arvin Harrington Brown, son of Mrs. Eleanor Brown, and better known to his associates as "Jerry" Brown. Owing to a bereavement in the family of Miss Maw, there are no plans made for the wedding and the secret of the betrothal of the young couple was to have been kept a while longer, but secrets sometimes betray themselves, as has this interesting one. Miss Maw while practically a new comer here, has already made a wide circle of friends. Mr. Brown is connected with one of Los Angeles' oldest and most prominent families. He is the nephew of Mr. George S. Patton, and also of Mrs. Lemoyne Wills, being closely related also to Mrs. Hancock Banning and other prominent folk of this city.

Pre-eminent among the society events which marked this week's calendar as one of the busiest of the season, was the big dance given Tuesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason at their home, 340 Andrews boulevard. The affair was in honor of Miss Eleanor MacGowan, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, one of the most feted of the season's debutantes. More than one hundred guests enjoyed the occasion. Receiving with Mr. and Mrs. Mason and Miss MacGowan were the latter's parents. The rooms, which lend themselves so artistically to decoration, were arranged in a scheme suggestive of Thanksgiving and the holiday season. Crimson holly and bright-hued American Beauty roses predominated, while miniature turkeys and pumpkins carried out the idea of the first of the winter holidays. Supper was served at midnight. A number of dinner parties were given preceding Mr. and Mrs. Mason's dance, one of the most enjoyable of these being given at the Hotel Darby with Mr. Horace Merrill of New York as host. Mr. Merrill and his mother, Mrs. J. H. Merrill, incidentally, motored out to Los Angeles from New York, remaining only for a few days visit here, however. Mr. Merrill's guests included Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman, the latter formerly Miss Seulveda; Mrs. David Baker and her daughter, Miss Ruth Baker, Mr. Andrew White, Mr. George Daniels and Mr. William Baker. Another dinner party of the evening was given by Mr. and Mrs. Lucien N. Brunswick in honor of their daughter, Mrs. Alexander Field of San Francisco, who is their house guest. Places were arranged for fourteen, the guests later going to the brilliant dance at the Masons' home.

To the coterie of five charming debutantes, Miss Eleanor MacGowan, Miss Eleanor Workman, the Misses Gertrude and Marion Kerckhoff and Miss Marion Wigmore, who have already made their formal bow to society, there is to be added the names of Miss Mary Dockweiler and Miss Rosario Dockweiler, the attractive daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Dockweiler, who will be introduced at a brilliant tea to be given at the California Club, Saturday, December 9. The hours will be from four until seven o'clock, and nearly one thousand invitations are to be issued for the occasion. These two young women, who are extremely popular in the younger set, are convent-bred, having finished their education at Notre Dame in San Jose. In the earlier part of the season, the Misses Dockweiler decided to forego their debut this season, and enrolled at the University of California for a course of special study. However, inasmuch as so many of their friends are to be introduced this season, they exercised their feminine prerogative and so will be included among the most feted of the season's buds after all.

Miss Marion Wigmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wigmore of 949 West Adams street, is another of the buds to make her formal bow to society. Her introduction is being made this afternoon at one of the most resplendent society affairs of the season, a brilliant tea being given by her mother, Mrs. George Wigmore of 949 West Adams street, and Mrs. John Wigmore.

What promises to be one of the particularly delightful affairs of the week is the dinner party with which Mr. and Mrs. Oscar May Souden will entertain at the Los Angeles Country Club tonight. Two large tables will be used and are to be made attractive with red roses. Dancing will follow the dinner. Those invited are Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence Doheny, Mr. and Mrs. William Irving Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Doran, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas E. Rice, Mr. and Mrs. Erasmus Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest West Clark, Mr. and Mrs. George Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. William Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Harvey Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Radford, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mesmer, Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Shannon Crandall, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Fish, Judge and Mrs. Leon F. Moss, Dr. and Mrs. Garrett L. Hogan, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Lawler and Miss Madaline Purdon.

Mrs. William D. Barnard of Philadelphia, whose former visits in Los Angeles has won her many friends, is the house guest again of Miss Guendolen Laughlin of 666 West Adams street. Miss Laughlin is planning a number of informal affairs in honor of her guest, while many delightful social courtesies will be extended this popular visitor while she is in our midst.

Formal announcement is made by Mr. and Mrs. Phil Denitz of 722 Harvard boulevard of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Anna Denitz to Mr. Sydney Franklin. Mr. and Mrs. Franklin following a motoring trip to Santa Barbara and nearby points will return to Los Angeles and after December 1 will receive their friends at the Kendis apartments, 1710 West Sixth street, where Mr. Franklin's parents and brother reside.

Of brilliant appointments was the dinner dance given by Mr. and Mrs. James Rathwell Page at the Midwick Country Club Saturday evening, honoring the Misses Marion and Gertrude Kerckhoff, the charming twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff, whose formal debut about a fortnight ago was a society event of great interest. Sharing honors was Miss Eleanor MacGowan, whose bow to society was made earlier in the season, she being first of the coterie of charming buds whom society is zealous in feting this season. The guests were seated at four tables, two of which were arranged for the debutantes, their personal friends and escorts, while the other two were for the older folk. Large baskets of roses in pink, yellow, red and American Beauty shades formed the table centerpieces, a mingling of ferns and gypsophila blossoms adding an effective touch. Enjoying Mr. and Mrs. Page's hospitality were Miss Eleanor MacGowan, the Misses Gertrude and Marion Kerckhoff, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Kerckhoff, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Dean Mason, Captain and Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner, Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mr. and Mrs. James Calhoun Drake, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Denis, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. O'Melveny, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Jarvis Barlow, Mrs. Mary Wilcox Longstreet, Mrs. J. N. Van Nuyts, Miss Dorothy Lindley, Miss Eleanor Banning, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Eleanor Workman, Miss Katherine Stearn, Miss Alice Elliott, Miss Aurora Almada, Miss Celida Almada, Miss Marion Wigmore, Miss Celeste Dorr of Washington, D. C., Mr. W. Norris Bucklin, Jr., Mr. Paul Hammond, Mr. John L. Garner, Jr., Mr. Hilward MacGowan, Mr. William F. McFie, Mr. George Ennis, Mr. Henry Daly, Mr. P. J. Willis, Mr. Willoughby Page Rodman, Mr. Charles Sheedy, Mr. James Blaisted Hobbs, Mr. Paul Herron, Mr. Donald O'Melveny, Mr. Joseph B. Banning, Jr., Mr. John Rankin, Mr. James Utley, Mr. Robert Elliott, Mr. John C. Macfarland, Mr. Francis Graves, Mr. Robert Craig and Mr. Ralph Merrill of New York City.

Announcement is made by Mrs. Mary Logan Birch of Philadelphia of the marriage of her daughter, Miss M. Dorothy Birch to Mr. Raymond E. Chapin of Toledo, Ohio, the ceremony having



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taken place at the Church of the Angels, Garvanza, Saturday, November 11. The bride, who is well known as one of the clever poster artists, is a sister of David R. Birch, formerly United States Consul to Malaga, Spain; Genoa, Italy; Alexandria, Egypt, and Bahia, Brazil. Mr. Chapin is a descendant of a prominent old New England family, while the bride's ancestors settled in Philadelphia 250 years ago. Mr. and Mrs. Chapin will make their home at Patio de Robles, 248 Monterey road, South Pasadena.

And still the society folk are immersed in plans for the entertaining of the season's debutantes and the calendar of events is already assuming a promise of an unusually busy winter. With Miss Eleanor MacGowan as the honoree, two additional affairs are added to those formerly announced. The first of these will be a dinner party which is to be given at the Los Angeles Country Club, Saturday, December 2, by the Baroness von der Ropp, who is domiciled at the Darby for the present. Then there will be the brilliant dinner dance which Mrs. Randolph Huntington Miner and Mrs. George J. Denis are planning for Wednesday evening, December 20. This event also will be given at the Los Angeles Country Club.

Of interest to a wide circle of friends, both here and in the Crown City, is the announcement made by Mrs. Mary Beach of North Hill avenue, Pasadena, of the marriage of her daughter, Miss Beatrice Beach, to Mr. Kendrick Chamberlain of Los Angeles and Coachella, California. The marriage ceremony took place Friday evening of last week at the Hotel Maryland, Rev. D. F. Fox of the First Congregational Church, Pasadena, officiating. Miss Fern Vallikett was bridesmaid, and Mr. W. H. McConnell served Mr. Chamberlain as best man, while little Lorraine Ingraham, seven-year-old niece of the bride, assisted as the dainty flower girl and George Beach, brother of the bride escorted her down the stairway. After a northern trip Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain will make their home for the present at Coachella, where the former is in business. Mr. Chamberlain is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Chamberlain of this city.

Judge and Mrs. J. W. Hendrick of 1421 Alvarado Terrace left Saturday last for New York, where they plan to visit their sons, Mr. Trow Hendrick, who with his family, is now making his home in Buffalo; and Mr. E. W. Hendrick, who is a cadet at West Point. Judge and Mrs. Hendrick planned to witness the Army and Navy game in New York, November 25, going on from there to Buffalo where they will be guests of Mr. Trow

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Hendrick. They will return to West Point in time to pass Christmas with their younger son, and will return to their home here sometime after the first of the year. Of interest to many old-time friends and associates of Mr. Trow Hendrick, is the news that he is now vice-president and general manager of the Niagara Life Insurance Company in Buffalo. To Mr. Hendrick there stands the honor of having, with Mr. Tom Bundy, been the first to compel eastern recognition of California in the racquet world, since these two tennis experts several years ago invaded the eastern tennis courts and garnered championships and honors, much to the surprise of their eastern opponents.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story went north last week to San Jose, where they joined Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels of Coronado, who are enjoying a house party at the ranch home of Mrs. Spreckels' mother, Mrs. Frank Hall Moon of West Adams street, this city.

Mrs. Edward S. Pauly of 3834 Wilshire boulevard will be hostess this evening at a most delightful bridge dinner party, about fifty friends having been invited in for the event. Eight tables will be occupied for the diversion and a most pleasurable evening is anticipated, since Mrs. Pauly's gracious charm as a hostess is known to her host of friends.

Governor-elect and Mrs. Simon Bamberger of Utah were guests of honor recently at an informal dinner given by Mrs. John Kahn. Fruits and autumn flowers were used in the table decorations, places being arranged for the following guests: Hon. and Mrs. Bamberger, Mr. Ivan H. Kahn, Dr. D. W. Edelman and Mr. Joshua Harry Marks.

Mrs. Harold Doe and Miss Florence Sutton, the well known tennis players, are to join the Santa Monica contingent of society folk this winter. They are domiciled at 810 Seventh street, conveniently close to their sisters, Mrs. B. O. Bruce and Mrs. Thomas C. Bundy of Brentwood, the latter formerly Miss May Sutton, world tennis champion.

At the home of her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant on West Twenty-eighth street, little Susanna Bryant is entertaining a coterie of her small friends today at a daintily appointed luncheon. The table, beautifully decorated and laden with the tempting tidbits that children love, is set for twelve little folk.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Douglass has just returned from an extended eastern trip, where with her husband and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Alexander, she enjoyed a motoring trip of several weeks through New England. Seaside and mountain resorts and the larger cities of the eastern coast were also included in the itinerary of the party. Mrs. Douglass lingered in the east, visiting kinfolk in Tennessee, Alabama and Texas, a fortnight or so after the other members of the party had returned to their homes here.

Little Catherine Cheney of Berkeley Square entertained recently with a merry children's party, a number of the small folk being invited in for the memorable occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Simpson, who have returned from a sojourn at their

country place in Lytle Creek Canyon, have taken apartments at the Rex Arms for the winter months and plan to add their quota to the season's social activities by a number of informal entertainments.

Mrs. Frank Edgar Williams and her mother, Mrs. Persis S. Williams of 677 Carondolet street, have returned from a two months' trip to the east. They visited in New York, Detroit and Cleveland, their former home city.

Mrs. Emily Zombro of 455 Grand View avenue has returned from a delightful trip to the ranch of her son, Mr. Sumpter Zombro in Inyo county. Mrs. Sumpter Zombro accompanied her.

Judge and Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell entertained at dinner recently at their home, 100 Arapahoe street, complimenting Rev. Dr. Herbert Booth Smith and Mrs. Smith. Dr. Smith is the new pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian church. Carnations in dark red tones, yellow pompons and white jasmine, mingled with the richly colored autumn leaves and fruits and formed an artistic centerpiece. Places were arranged for fourteen guests.

Miss Winifred Maxon and her mother, Mrs. Charles C. Maxon of 600 South Ardmore avenue have returned from San Francisco where they went to attend the wedding of Miss Conchita Sepulveda and Mr. Charles N. Chapman, which brilliant event was celebrated at the hacienda of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst near Pleasanton, November 11. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman have been enjoying a part of their honeymoon in Coronado. They will make their future home in San Francisco, but the young couple, with many friends in this city will undoubtedly be frequent sojourners here, especially in view of the fact that Judge and Mrs. Ignacio Sepulveda, parents of the bride, make Los Angeles their home.

Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Allan C. Balch entertained with a most delightfully arranged affair, at her beautiful apartments at the Alexandria. More than one hundred and fifty friends were asked and tea was served from three until six. A basket filled with dainty pink rosebuds and gypsophila blossoms centered the tea table and the rooms were made pretty with the same blossoms in vases and jardinières. This is the first of a series with which Mrs. Balch is planning to entertain.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Pauly of 3834 Wilshire boulevard are having a few friends at dinner this evening. December 7 these charming hosts will entertain with another dinner party for a dozen or so friends. Mrs. Pauly plans to entertain later with a bridge luncheon.

Miss Ruth Agnes Frackleton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Frackleton on Manhattan place, announced to a few of her friends the news of her betrothal to Mr. Lester Lincoln Carden, at a tea given Monday afternoon at the Alexandria, following a matinee party at the Orpheum. The wedding will not be celebrated until the first of the year. Mr. Carden is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Carden of Santa Ana and the young people will reside there. The bride-to-be is a talented musician.

Among the smart affairs recently given were the two luncheons with which Mrs. Arthur J. Waters and her mother, Mrs. William Taylor Miller entertained at the home of Mrs. Waters on New Hampshire avenue. At the first luncheon the honor guests were Mrs. Celia A. White and Miss Valentine Hernandez, with whom Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Waters have enjoyed several trips abroad. Auction bridge followed each luncheon. Other guests besides the guests of honor included, Mrs. Charles H. McKevert, Mrs. W. G. Cochrane, Mrs. C. Easton, Mrs. Lester Best, Mrs. W. F. Callender, Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Edward J. Price, Mrs. Walter Burns, Mrs. David Bradley, Mrs. Joseph D. Radford, Mrs. W. J. Durham, Mrs. Emmett Graves, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Jameson, Mrs. Sherer, Mrs. Tudor, Miss Kibbie, Miss Delia Bates and Miss Emma Bates. Guests for the second affair were Mrs. Loren D. Sale, Mrs. Stoddard Jess, Mrs. James Tabor Fitzgerald, Mrs. Edward S. Pauly, Mrs. Willis G. Hunt, Mrs. Robert Edwards, Mrs. John W. Kemp, Mrs. W. G. Hutchison, Mrs. W. W. Woods, Mrs. Simpson Wilson, Mrs. John C. Bannister, Mrs. A. B. Jones, Mrs. Fred Hines, Mrs. Maude Baldwin, Mrs. Edward D. Roberts, Mrs. Walter Tyler and Mrs. Kerr.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ellsworth Dunn of 917 West Twenty-eighth street, entertained last Sunday with a charmingly arranged luncheon at Bolsa Chico gun club. The affair was in honor of Miss Eleanor MacGowan, attractive debutante daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan of West Adams street. The guests motored down in the morning and passed the entire day at the club house, returning to Los Angeles late in the evening.

Mrs. Thomas Weeks Banks of Lake street will entertain December 1 with a bridge luncheon in honor of Mrs. Wells Morris, a recent bride who formerly was Miss Anita Thomas.

One of the lovely dinner parties of the week was the one given Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy at their home in Norton street. The complimented guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Phelps of San Francisco, who are the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Huntington of Oak Knoll. Other invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Volney Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Norbert Murray and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Dreyfus.

Felicitations are being extended Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Murphy of 427 Manhattan place over the arrival of a little son. It will be remembered that Mrs. Murphy before her marriage was Miss Anna McDermott and was for many years a member of the household of the

(Continued on Page 12)



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Cheaters

By Pearl Rall

LIKE a dazzling, iridescent butterfly inconsequently flitting for a moment into our vision just outside our window and then away before we had grasped its beauty entire that airy nothing, "Papa," which Zoe Akins calls a "comedy sequence," in the skilful hands of Director Richard Ordynski and Designer Norman-Bel Geddes at the Little Theater this week, was gone before one could analyze its value and real points of beauty. Was it the play or was it the staging that took every one captive in unprepared surprise at the daring and unusualness of it?

Certainly in indelicate hands this fragile satire would be anything but attractive for it ridicules everything ridiculous and things sacred as well. "Papa" is an inflated person, pampered by every one in his small circle to a ludicrous estimate of his greatness. Two daughters, Chloe and Doris, arrange their lives with a view to his material comfort by marriages of convenience in which no one deceives the other but in which each and every one pretends to be deceived—a ridiculous play at conventionality with a secret joy at the presence of a touch of wickedness, tacitly understood if not spoken. One daughter has a past, which the other assumes in a frivolous moment, to be rid of an unwelcome suitor. This so brings out the magnanimity—or rather the contrariety of men's desires—of the rejected one that his suit is successful. A double elopement is planned into which every one is included with Papa as the central figure. In the course of time the past rises up to assume its proper place in their lives, and is accepted without surprise since everyone knew it before. Then Papa decides "to do something himself," and so negotiates for a wife in the same ridiculous "pretend" fashion in which every one rejoices in a past or the pretence of a past. In fact so many faceted is the satire and so piercing is its many rays that it is hard to decide which is the deepest thrust into the human armor into which we early encase ourselves, every one.

Percival Vivian's Papa was quite one of the most delicious portrayals of satire imaginable, effeminate and trivial in a subtle way, to emphasize the humor. Violette Wilson as Doris gave a remarkable performance of the most nearly natural person in the group, the girl who assumes her sister's past, in a freakish mood, and cannot withdraw from her deception. Irving Pichel as Mr. Roderick, the magnanimous and really frank individual who keeps his

dition that the suspicion of "a past" be allowed to remain on him, to make him appear more desirable to the worldly viewpoint. Adolphe Milar as the tenor, Zimzapanza, displayed a most excellent voice and W. Frayne Williams, Henry



Ernest Ball, Orpheum Entertainer

Shannon, Irene Bevans and Marjorie Riley completed the cast with quietly fitting work.

In settings this was quite the most unusual thing Los Angeles has been treated to thus far. The first scene was a sun parlor in New York, for all the world like a great bird cage, containing three inconsequential canaries, in rose and blue with a dash of deep red, and outside the sky and poster trees. The second in ascending degree combining colors artfully and startlingly, with that panel effect in a tall, narrow French window opening on lovely landscape painting and weird poster decorations and furniture within. The third a sitting room at the Ritz-Carlton, London, looking out imaginatively under a blue and white awning upon the street below. Another poster picture in orange and blue and white. Into each the costumes of the women, especially, blended beautifully and the men lent a stronger color tone in warm reds and dark blues and vivid greens of coats and jackets.

Holland and Scotland Contend

No this is not a war announcement. It merely means that John L. Golden's pretty musical fantasy, "The Clock Shop," and Jack Wyatt's Scotch lads and lassies are the most noticeable contenders for first place at the head of the Orpheum bill this week. In its artistic daintiness of conception and presentation the loves of Hans and Gretchen and the disturbance in the clock shop hold first place; in its life and color and noise. Jack and Hi'land lads and lassies have it. Three bagpipes and the drum make a regiment, however they may seem out in the mountains. But the singing and dancing, into which the performers enter with such zest and apparent enjoyment, are more placid in appeal and therefore more within the limits of enjoyment in four walls. Laura Nelson Hall has a slightly new angle on an old problem, the origin of the fallen woman, in Frances Nordstrom's sketch, "The Cat and the Kitten." Miss Hall as "the cat," or the woman who has eaten of the fruit of knowledge to her sorrow and learned the viewpoint of the alley cat, was deservedly popular. Lusette Gordon as the actress "kitten," whose innocence and ignorance is entirely improbable, is a sincere little artist in her work and Hollister Pratt makes of the despicably designing "man" a realistic

MARGUERITE CLARK
Famous Players-Parmount

findings to himself rather than disturb the others, was decidedly interesting and artistic. Kirah Markham demonstrated that she is better suited to tragedy; as Chloe, the daughter with a past she was somewhat out of her element, and therefore not altogether in tune with the picture. Little Corinne Johnson, as the wee daughter and reminder of the past, was not entirely necessary to the development of the thought of the play but her innocent baby daintiness and winsomeness was a very pleasant addition, a popularity she shared with one of the friendliest and most interestingly clever dogs human beings have the honor to associate with. Clarissa Selwynne brought out the foibles of the upper, inner set in the role of Mrs. Blythe, who "accepts Papa," on the con-

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WEEK STARTING SUNDAY. WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS

JUNE CAPRICE In a Rollicking Comedy Drama "The Mischief Maker" of College Girl Life

Added attractions: Hearst News and the Katzenjammer Kids.

individual whom everyone hates. Another rather unusual bit is a portrayal of the love affair of two human "Remnants," who still remain on the marriage market for lack of the right chance, with Raymond Bond as Lem Long, the "green" traveling salesman, Elizabeth Shirley as the buyer in a department store, Paul Morton and Naomi Glass have a musical skit, "1915-1950," that is good in spots, one of these being the "ragtime baby." Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus perpetrate another wearisome piece of buffoonery with an anchored piano, almost—though not quite as silly as Frank Orth and William J.

Dooley in "The Fool Detective." However, it helps fill the time and the indulgent audience laughs encouragingly at the least excuse. Jule Bernard and Florence Orth recount the "Tale of an Overcoat," a rather clever skit that might be better if Miss Orth did not laugh so frequently in anticipation of Jule's puns.

Inez Plummer Pleases Burbankers
Inez Plummer made her bow to Burbank theatergoers this week as the new leading woman at the popular Main Street house in a jolly sea romance that was chockful of comedy. As Beatrice Sloane, guarded by a fussy, suspicious

mama, she was quite dainty and bewitching enough to make any man act as Billy Hargrave, a football hero who has lost four teeth in a recent game and grieving for his ruined pulchritude, does. Joseph Galbraith gave one of the best performances he has yet done, not overacting as he has shown inclination in several recent farce-comedies to do. And Dora Mae Howe as his helpfully-inclined though blundering sister helps him immensely with her excellent work. Warner Baxter was a worthy rival, and gave a decided realistic bit of seasickness without any unpleasantness to mar its comicality. Emelie Melville as the dragon mother who also loses her teeth and so should sympathize with the young lover was another funny part of the picture. Of the ship crew Russell Powell as the boatswain, Frank Darien as a common sailor, and Carrie Clarke Ward as the stewardess were notable for exceptionally well conceived character sketches with the comedy. Clyde McCoy and Elsie Fay as Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave had brief time on the ship, being left ashore after a solicitous leave-taking of their young hopefuls. Nolan Leary, David Butler, Billy Evans and Andy Gunard complete the cast.



Cherniavsky Trio at Trinity

"Too Many Cooks" a Success
There were folk who did not believe "Too Many Cooks" could be done with any degree of success by a local stock company; but when Fred J. Butler, stage director at the Morosco, cast Douglas MacLean in the Frank Craven role of Albert Bennett, affianced to a girl with innumerable relatives, he made a most happy choice. Although his interpretation was characteristically different from Craven's conception he appeared to catch the subtler humor that distinguishes comedy from farce and makes it more difficult and superior. The sympathetic support of Richard Dix as Frank Andrews, his nearest friend, was also of this quality, and almost whimsically sly in its method. Ruth Robinson, the new leading woman, was a most engaging sweetheart and displayed several stunning gowns in the course of the picturing of the woes of the much-generalized house-building for the lovers. Joseph

ski, the unusually smart settings, and the uniformly excellent and rightly-keyed acting have been equally lauded. The cast numbers Percival Vivian in the name part, Violette Wilson and Kirah Markham as Papa's marrying daughters, and Irving Pichel, W. Frayne Williams, Adolphe Milar, Clarissa Selwynne, and Corinne Johnson in important roles.

Special Thanksgiving Orpheum Bill
For turkey and Thanksgiving week at the Orpheum, opening Monday matinee, November 27, every act is a tried headliner. Andrew Tombes, a sterling comedian, and a big company will present "The Bride Shop," a welter of fun and music, the "Merry Widow" of vaudeville. It is jolly full of fine musical numbers, plenty of pretty girls to interpret the several roles, exquisite costumes, and a genial air of frolic throughout. The act has been rewritten down

L. E. Behymer, Mgr. of Auditorium

TRINITY AUDITORIUM

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Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra

FRIDAY MAT. DEC. 1st at 3 o'clock

SATURDAY EVE., DEC. 2nd, at 8:15 o'clock

JAY PLOWE, Soloist

Seats now on sale: 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

F. W. Blanchard, Manager

A Symphony Luncheon is served for those who desire at Hotel Alexandria at 1 P. M. Friday. \$1.25 per plate. Mr. Frank Patterson lectures.

Eggenton as Simpson, the contractor, Bill Feehan, James Dooley and Herbert Farjeon as workmen, Lillian Elliott as Alice Cook's mother, Gertrude Maitland as one of her aunts, and Harry Duffield as the old liverymen were the best types presented. The others were rather overdrawn, making the performance a strange mixture of farce and comedy, yet belonging to neither. Lola May, whose work is usually so excellent, was rather too acrid—a fault probably not of her own thought.

Scintillant Comedy at Little

Zoe Akins's comedy sequence, "Papa," continues at the Little Theatre for the week beginning with Tuesday night. This highly amusing and penetrating play of artful characterization and satire has been unstintedly praised by Los Angeles critics. And there has been laughter aplenty and appreciation nightly from the audiences. Not only does the play prove delightful by its ingenious situations and highly flavored speeches; but it also carries an undercurrent of biting social satire none the less keen because of its unobtrusiveness. The finished production by Richard Ordyn-

to date since its last appearance here, but the personnel is somewhat the same, and the songs, with a new set of gowns, and new scenery. Two other favorites who return, this time separately, are Ernest R. Ball, the composer, and Maude Lambert, the musical comedy prima donna. Mr. Ball has to his credit many of high class ballads. His fine personality helps him greatly to put over his excellent compositions. Miss Lambert, one of the bright stars of light opera, is singing a budget of her own numbers, selected to fit her voice and personality. The Kitaro brothers are the last word in Japanese athletics and marvelous Risley: they seem to know nothing of the laws of gravity. For another week Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus, the champion "nuts" with the anchored piano, Paul Morton and Naomi Glass, Laura Hall & Co. in "The Cat

and the Kitten," and the redoubtable Jack Wyatt and his fascinating Scotch lads and lassies, remain.

Normal Girl at Woodley's

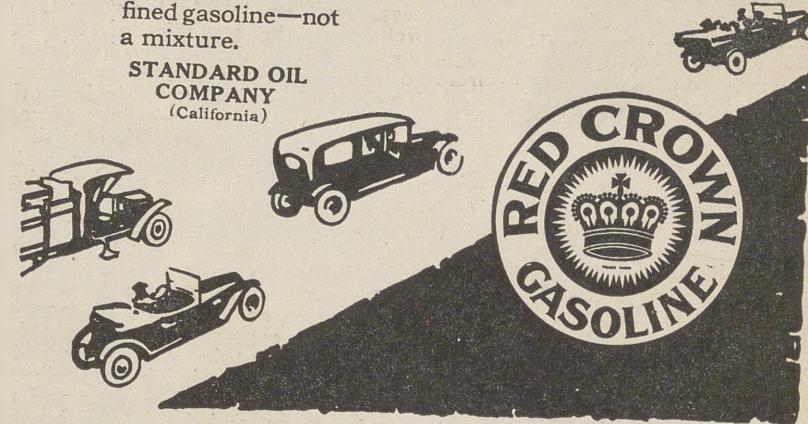
Who ever heard of a girl who could not tell a lie! However, Marguerite Clark, one of the most alluringly mischievous screen maidens, is going to demonstrate how interesting the girl who cannot tell the truth may be and the announcement is sufficient to draw crowded houses all next week at the Woodley theater, for anything Marguerite does is fetching and convincing willy nilly. "Miss George Washington" is the name of this untruthful lassie who has equally as interesting a time as the man in New York who is telling "Nothing But the Truth" these days. Miss

(Continued on page twelve)

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Books

IN "The Hungry Stones," from which short prose story Rabindranath Tagore's latest book takes its name, there is a touch of Poe's cunning artistry and unusual weirdness of conception. The "stones" were builded in a deserted pleasure palace near Barich, of which a remarkable passenger on the train from Calcutta tells his car mates a strange tale; a palace where, "at one time, countless passions and unsatisfied longings and lurid flaming pleasure raged." All the heartaches and blasted hopes made those stones, every one, "thirsty and hungry, eager to swallow up like a famished ogress any living man who might chance to approach. Not one of these who lived there for three consecutive nights could escape those cruel jaws, save Meher Ali, who has escaped at the cost of his reason. Yet this extraordinary traveler did come away with a wondrous and thrillingly ghostly tale.

"The Victory" is an exquisitely delicate and lovely fancy, as fragile as a suggestion of a rare perfume. Death places the crown on the real victor's brow, with only one woman who "understood" the song of his heart. Tagore's poetical fancy sees the stars "the stops of the instrument that flooded the dreams of the night with melody." There is gentle, satirical humor in "The Kingdom of Cards," in which no one "had any occasion to think; no one had any need to come to a decision," and every one moved "according to Rules," and in "The Babus of Nayanjore," picturing a pompous old soul who lived in a world of fancy, fooled and exalted in the past glory and wealth of his ancestors. "We Crown Thee King" displays a suspicion of a claw beneath the raillery at Sekbar's salaam-force. While caste is the keynote to understanding of "Once There Was a King" and "The Renunciation," the latter striking a new and independent note in the defiance of Hemanta, the husband, to the Hindu barriers that would take his wife from him. "My Lord, the Baby" and "Living or Dead" are peculiar in their setting forth of religious doctrines and superstition; the baby reincarnated according to the attendant's belief, the widow who returned from the tomb an outcast. The former in the parent love portrayed is the more universal in its appeal. "Vision" reminds one of Undine, the blind wife, however, recovering the earthly love of her husband. About "The Cabuliwallah," or fruit-seller of Cabul, there is a warm human touch in the friendship of the tiny baby and the old peddler, that is most pleasing.

A baker's dozen of stories of peculiar charm of thought and felicity of expression, throughout which are glints of poetical fancy such as reference to the last farewell at death as "love's passage money for the silent land;" or joyous bits of humor like "Women never make mistakes, or if they do, a sensible man never mentions them;" or whimsies like comparing roses in a vase to "a row of naughty schoolboys standing on a form to be punished." It is a new and delightful view of the grave pundit. ("The Hungry Stones and Other Stories." By Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Co.) P. R.

Idealistic Love in Wall Street
Two women of antipodal position and characteristics enter into the crucial formative struggle of Don Pendleton's young life: Frances Stuyvesant, a foolish little butterfly whose allowance is

\$10,000 a year, and Sarah K. Winthrop, "the Wall Street girl," who earned her living at the typewriter in the concern where he worked. The story Frederick Orin Bartlett has so piquantly, and withal so truly told, of the problems that a thoughtless, untrained multi-millionaire might meet, thrown on his own resources by a wise father at his death, in the stipulation that he receive none of a great inheritance until he has proved that he can earn his own living, is an exceptional one. There is a striking contrast of types in the portrayal of these two women. The one so pretty, thoughtless and fascinating, of his own social set and therefore apparently the one best fitted to be his wife; the other knowing the struggle of the market place and its dangers, so helpful, understanding his problems even better than he did himself, a comrade in work and yet with all a woman's finer susceptibilities. In his association with these women Don Pendleton does not find himself until Frances resolves she cannot make the great sacrifice for him that will be necessary if she is to become his wife; and then it is he realizes he loves his comrade of the office. The various steps by which Don Pendleton learns the value of money, and what it means to take thought for the morrow, what he shall wear and even for the ham sandwich he shall eat are most amusing. It is a clean and wholesome story, and full of brightness and a touch of playfulness at times. ("The Wall Street Girl." By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Houghton Mifflin Co.)

Plays and Players (Continued from page 11)

Clark will be supported in the down-to-date 1917 comedy-drama by Frank Losee, Niles Welch, Florence Marten, Joseph Gleason, Maude Turner Gordon, "Billy" Watson and Herbert Prior.

June Caprice Capers at Miller's
Featuring June Caprice, "The Mischief Maker" is to be shown at Miller's Theater for a week, starting Sunday. Pretty Miss Caprice portrays a mischievous girl, Effie Marchant, who gets all her boarding school companions into no end of scrapes, falls in love with a friend of her art teacher, and other unusual things. The spirit of mischief generally runs rampant throughout the charming story and pretty little June has never had a happier role. There are many beautiful girls, lovely scenery and a combination of romance, adventure, a little pathos and much humor that is really laughable. A new leading man with the star is Harry Benham, possessed of the sort of manly good looks that will make him interesting to everyone. "The Mischief Maker" is bound to prove generally pleasing; and the added attractions are a new issue of the Hearst News and another comical Hans and Fritz Katzenjammer cartoon.

"High Cost of Loving," Burbank
Of particular importance to theatrical Los Angeles is the fact that beginning with Monday night's performance, the Burbank will offer for the first time in the west one of the biggest farce-comedy of the last five years entitled "The High Cost of Loving," which played for two solid seasons on Broadway, New York, with Lew Fields in the leading role. The play was written by Frank Mandell, author of "The Lady You Love." "Our Wives" an other big successes, and tells of an anti-vice crusade

that is being carried on in Milwaukee by prominent citizens of that city. Twenty-five years before the opening of the play, a rather well known actress had visited the city and had won the affections of various members of this crusade in their youth. She has been collecting from them every month for twenty-five years, and the appearance of a young man in the city, who claims several of these prominent citizens as his father, adds to the complications. A final settlement is one of the funniest situations of modern farce. A Burt Wesner will play the role made famous by Lew Fields, while Julia Blanc, one of the best known stock actresses of America, has been especially engaged to play the role of "Emma" his wife. Ines Plummer will appear in the role of the beautiful daughter, and Joseph Galbraith will be the young lawyer who is trying to win her hand against the opposition of her family. Others in the cast will be Russell Powell, Dora Mae Howe, Warner Baxter, Frank Darien, Robert Warwick, Emelie Melville, Nolan Leary, Kathleen Willmorth, and others. In addition to the regular matinees, the Burbank will give a special holiday matinee on Thanksgiving afternoon.

"Too Many Cooks," Morosco

One week was insufficient to accommodate the tremendous crowds who desired to see "Too Many Cooks," which set a new record at the Morosco theatre last week, and which begins its second engagement at that theatre with tomorrow's matinee. When Frank Craven, star and author of "Too Many Cooks" came to the coast a year ago, he was received with tremendous enthusiasm; and at every performance at the Morosco theatre last week, the audiences have simply indulged in a riot of mirth.

Cherniavsky Brothers Tuesday

Next Tuesday evening and Saturday afternoon, the gifted Russian brothers Cherniavsky, violinist, cellist, pianist, will return to Trinity auditorium. All who were fortunate in hearing these brilliant, young artists last season will welcome the announcement of two concerts next week. They spent the summer in the northwest, opening their tour in that territory in September, the first of October they went to Honolulu, from which place they have just returned in anticipation of their first transcontinental tour of the United States.

Social and Personal (Continued from Page 9)

late Bishop Conaty. Mrs. Murphy is a niece of Miss Susan Lynch, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Murphy are making their home at present. Mr. Murphy is a brother of Mr. Dan Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene McLaughlin are expected to return soon, having gone east several weeks ago to place their daughter, Miss Cecile in a fashionable girls' school, while their son Edward will continue his studies in a Boston school.

Word from Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jewett Schweppes to friends here tells of a wonderful cruise of the southern waters upon which they have embarked as guests aboard the palatial yacht of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Laurence Doheny. Mr. and Mrs. Doheny are entertaining a number of prominent folk on the trip which will include a stop at Cuba.

Mrs. William J. Doran of Harvard boulevard was hostess Wednesday at an attractively arranged luncheon party given for a number of her friends at the Beverly Hills hotel. The affair was most artistically appointed and proved one of the most enjoyable on the week's social calendar.

New Holiday List "Tales of California Yesterdays"

By Rose L. Ellerbe

Stories of California's early and later times. They are both humorous and serious and breathe the atmosphere of the ocean and mountains, desert and plains. Illustrated. Price \$1.00.

"The Quest of 'Little Blessing'"

By Anna Taggart Clark

Story of a little child's search for the "keen" (queen) in which she herself is lost with many complications. Full of heart interest. Illustrated. Price 50 cents. Ready December 1st.

"Los Angeles, From the Sierras to the Sea"

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Verses by Charles Farwell Edson

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IN CLUB CIRCLES

FRIDAY MORNING CLUB

ART will be the subject of supreme interest at Tuesday's meeting of the Friday Morning Club. "The Colonial Period," represented by J. Singleton Copley, will be considered, especially with regard to Puritan prejudice and English influence. Mrs. Donald Skeel, Mrs. H. H. Kerckhoff and Benjamin West will have places on the program. For December the club has in store a most fascinating program, with a holiday in the Christmas season. December 29 coming so close upon the festivities of both Christmas and New Year's will be omitted from the calendar and the drama and art committees will not hold sessions in the month. But other attractions include:

Friday, December First—

The Morgan Collection of Tapestries, a complete survey with lantern slides, by Dr. R. Meyer-Riefstahl.

Friday, December Eighth—

"Colombine," a fairy fantasy, by Reginald Arkell.

"A Christmas Masque," by Marguerite Merington.

Presented by the Drama Students of Lincoln High School. Music by the Girls' and Boys' Glee Clubs of Lincoln High School. For members only.

Friday, December Fifteenth—

"The Political Philosophy of Shakespeare and His Connection with The Founders of American Liberty," by Charles Mills Gayley.

Friday, December Twenty-second—

Christmas Pantomime and Music, Friday Morning Club Chorus. For members only.

Note—Members are requested to be in their seats promptly at 10:30.

Committee Meetings

Thursdays, (every Thursday) 10:30—Music Conference. Chorus, Mrs. Charles G. Stivers, Director.

Tuesday, December Fifth, 12 M.—Book Committee Luncheon—

Three War Novels: "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," H. G. Wells; "The Night Cometh," Paul Bourget; "The Dark Forest," Hugh Walpole.

Tuesday, December Twelfth, 2:30—Public Affairs Committee—Open Meeting, "Our Relation to Los Angeles Commerce and Industry."

Program in charge of the Committee on Industrial Relations, Miss Ianthe Densmore, Chairman.

Public Affairs at City Club

Public affairs will occupy the membership of the Woman's City Club next Monday noon, at Blanchard Hall. Speakers for the day will include Miss Dorothy Willis of the Express-Tribune staff, who will talk on child welfare matters; Mrs. Eleanor Jubb, who will discuss certain phases of the harbor situation; Mrs. Cora Deal Lewis, who will give consideration to the subject of civil service, and Miss Faith Chevallier, who will speak on our jail system and its problems.

At last Monday's session there was a visible interest evinced by the women with regard to the measures to come before the next legislative gathering in Sacramento. Mrs. Herbert A. Cable,

president of the Women's Legislative Council of California, told somewhat of the beginnings of the Council and the first evidences of women's presence as lobbyists in the northern city. She urged cooperation and concentration on the part of women, generally, to the issues at stake; and then discussed at some length the present laws with regard to community property and the proposed changes, as they affected transfer, control, business relations, testamentary rights and the various relations of husband and wife in joint ownership of property. Mrs. E. K. Foster of the Friday Morning Club Public Affairs Committee told of the origin of the movement for a moron colony—not mormon as waggish printers have announced—of the progress of the movement and its probable problems in operation, as well as possible future developments looking toward more advanced social improvement. Mrs. Kemper Campbell, assistant district attorney and a wonderfully bright, magnetic woman, spoke of the need for women to serve on juries. Her talk was interspersed with happy stories illustrative of her points and showed the woman in political position at her best.

Ebell Club's Dramatic Programs

Drama, apparently, has been occupying the attention of the Ebell Club and will continue to do so for another week, for Percy MacKaye's "Immigrants" leads quite naturally to an illustration of the "Wedding Ceremonies of European Peasants," interpreted by Mae Shumway Enderley and with solos by Menotti Frascona and national airs by Mrs. Lucien West Wilder at the piano, Monday, November 27. The next day a card party will be given at the clubhouse by the Belgian Relief committee for the aid of women and children in Belgium and Northern France. Tickets for the affair may be obtained at the door or from Mrs. J. Arthur Donato by phoning 55313. Among the interesting activities of the club this season is the work of the Ebell Chorus, of about forty voices, which under the direction of Mrs. Thomas Davis Wallace is acquiring an interesting repertoire of lovely numbers. Mrs. Guy Bush is accompanist.

Harry Carr Press Club Guest
Members and friends of the Southern California Women's Press Club are anticipating an unusually entertaining evening upon the occasion of their regular banquet November 28, at Christopher's. Mr. Carr, who went abroad as war correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, will talk of his experiences while filling that assignment. His accounts will be made even more graphic

by illustration of lantern slides.

At last Tuesday's session of the Club in the Brack Shops Building Madame Ellen Beach Yaw, the famous coloratura soprano, charmed the gathering with recitations of her own poems inspired by Henry Ford, and with her song to "The Skylark." The feature of the afternoon was the reading of an article on "The Building of a Song Book," written by Miss Marian George, by Mrs.

W. B. Nye. Mrs. Nye was assisted in the reading by Mrs. Doke, Miss Willy Smyser and Mr. Mason, who were among the composers contributing to the song book, and who rendered selections from their compositions delightfully. Miss Frieda Peycke sang her own compositions and others were charmingly rendered by Miss Leta Nash. Miss Nash also sang "Liati Senor," from Les Hugenots, in costume.



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Loans and Discounts	\$ 9,915,805.98
United States Bonds at Par	1,001,000.00
Federal Reserve Bank Stock	60,000.00
Bonds, Securities, Etc.	664,825.00
Stock in Commercial Fireproof Bldg., Bank Bldg.	302,100.00
Other Real Estate Owned	26,910.49
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit	5,130.37
Furniture and Fixtures	191,500.00
Five Per Cent Fund	50,000.00
Cash and Due from Banks	7,346,152.96
<hr/>	
Capital Stock	\$ 10,563,424.80
Surplus	1,500,000.00
Undivided Profits, Less Insurance and Taxes Paid	500,000.00
Reserved for Taxes	224,007.74
Reserved for Interest	11,137.57
Circulation	25,726.96
Letters of Credit	967,897.50
Deposits	7,830.37
<hr/>	
A. J. Waters, Wm. W. Woods,	\$ 16,326,824.66

I, E. T. Pettigrew, cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief.—E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 21st day of November, 1916.—C. E. FISH, Notary Public.

Correct Attest:

Geo. W. Walker,
DIRECTORS.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE CITIZENS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK

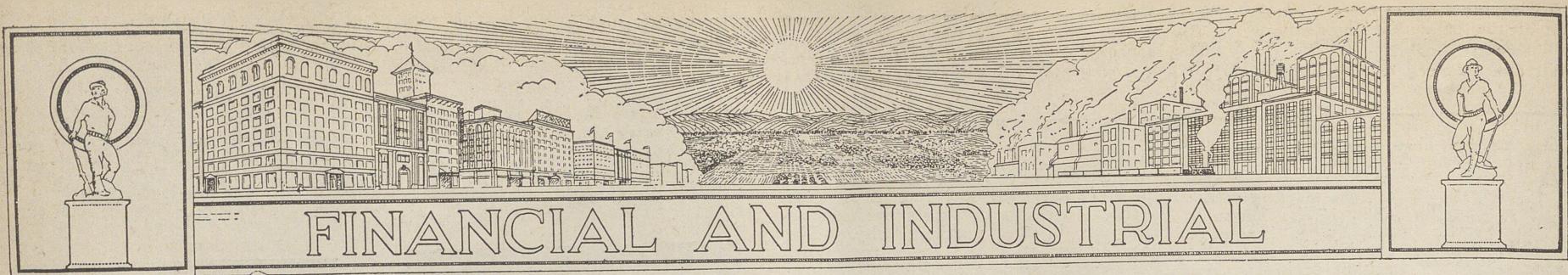
AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOV. 17.

RESOURCES

Loans	Capital	\$ 500,000.00
Bonds and Other Securities	Surplus	145,000.00
Furniture and Fixtures	Undivided Profits	45,829.90
Other Resources	Reserved for taxes and interest	19,669.50
Cash and Due From Banks. 1,375,058.15	Deposits	\$4,749,146.92

\$5,459,646.32

All of the stock of the Citizens Trust and Savings Bank is owned by the stockholders of the Citizens National Bank.



PUBLIC UTILITY SECURITIES

EACCELLENT yields are obtainable from good utility bonds and preferred stocks—higher yields, in comparison with the safety of the investments, than from railroad securities. This is because the old-fashioned, conservative investor has a long standing prejudice in favor of railroad securities. The big public utility holding companies, which have done so much to stabilize this class of securities, are comparatively new and it takes the average investor some time to wake up to a new idea.

Within ten years, however, public utility securities have been growing in favor with banking and insurance institutions. For example, from 1911 to 1913 the banking institutions of the U. S. increased their holdings of public utility bonds 31 per cent, while their railroad bonds decreased 4.5 per cent. Later figures are not available covering all banks, but in 1915 27,000 banks increased their railroad securities 1.7 per cent and their public utility bonds 13.7 per cent.

The stability of utility earnings naturally communicates itself to prices. Fluctuations are considerably smaller than for corresponding railroad or industrial securities. The firmness of the public utilities in the panic of 1914 was especially notable.

The creation of Public Service Commissions in various states has helped to stabilize prices. It is true that such commissions often limit the amount of profit a utility company may make by reducing rates when they are, in the opinion of the commission, unreasonable; but this is more than counterbalanced by the protection from cut-throat competition which is provided by the commissions. Where commissions exist, the black-mail of existing public service corporations by dishonest boards of aldermen through the chartering of competing companies has disappeared. The commissions operate to prevent unreasonable profits and, at the same time, to assure reasonable returns, thus keeping utility corporations on an even keel and giving their securities more of an investment and less of a speculative character.

In the fall of 1915, as result of a series of dull years and other causes, over 17 per cent of the railway mileage of the United States was in the hands of receivers. The number of public utility companies going into receivers' hands has been very much smaller. During 1915 not a single utility company of any importance had to be reorganized. From 1889 to 1913 the average amount of utility securities in receivership yearly was 0.37 of one per cent. The corresponding average for railroad securities was 1.67 per cent, or about 4½ times as much.—Wall Street Magazine.

Corn Supply Report

In the November crop report corn is estimated at 2,643,508,000 bushels. When the commercial corn year ended October 31, only 2.9% or 89,686,000 bushels of the old crop remained in farmers' hands. Thus the total supply on farms of old and new corn would be 2,733,194,000 bushels.

The farm price on November 1 throughout the United States averaged 85.0 cents compared with 61.9 last year. In the corn crop, therefore, the farmers have at November 1 prices \$2,323,217,000. This value is steadily increasing. From a low of 63, at Chicago, the May option has risen to above 92 cents.

The upward trend of prices can be understood by comparing the supply and movements with last year. Add to the 2,733,194,000 bushels on farms the visible supply of about 3,102,000 bushels, and there will be 2,736,296,000 bushels of corn in all positions November 1.

A year ago 3.6% of a larger crop was on the farms, the visible supply was 8% larger, and the total of corn in all positions was 3,153,832,000 bushels. Primary receipts indicate that corn was not pressed upon the market.

Instead of an enormous wheat crop, the production is below domestic re-

quirements, oats crop is short the equivalent of 125,000,000 bushels of corn; barley is short another 50,000,000. Exports for the year have been larger with demand increasing, while Argentina, the principal corn exporter, is threatened with crop troubles. These are reasons why corn which, November 1, 1915, had a farm value of 61.9 cents, this year was worth 85, and is still pointing upwards.

As To International Paper

It is illustrative of the extraordinary situation now prevailing in the newsprint industry to know that for spot lot supplies which some publishers had been forced to acquire to piece out their requirements prices as high as 5½ cents a pound have recently been paid. This is \$110 a ton. It compares with a normal of not over \$45 a ton. It is undoubtedly the highest price at which newsprint has ever sold in the modern history of the papermaking art.

This is of course the extreme. Only a few hundred tons have gone at 5½ cents. International Paper recently advised the trade that it would establish a minimum of 3½ cents a pound delivered for all 1917 contracts. This does not mean that the price may not work higher than 3½ cents. The chances are good that some contracts renewed after Jan. 1 will be well above 3½ cents.

The point about the 3½-cent-a-pound contracts is that it represents a straight \$20 a ton advance and that this is all surplus profit above interest on the bonds and the full 6% preferred stock dividend.

In other words, on a normal price of 3½ cents a pound International Paper can earn its depreciation charge, its approximately \$1,000,000 interest and sinking fund requirements, and the full 6% on the \$22,406,700 preferred. In fact in 1916 it is doing very much more than this, due to advances in specialties, capacity production and renewal of a few expiring newsprint contracts at advanced figures.

The \$20 a ton advance applied to prospective 1917 output means \$11,000,000 additional income. This balance as measured against the common is equivalent to \$63 a share. Bankers who have examined the situation can find no flaw in the argument that in 1917 International Paper common is logically bound to earn a minimum of over \$50 a share and a probable \$60.

The "New Freedom"

We have heard a good deal about a "new freedom." I tell you that any new freedom that seeks to make conditions where inefficient managers of business can successfully compete with enterprising and capable managers of business is a dangerous sort of freedom. Any system which aims at hampering the enterprising and the capable, circumscribing men of vision and originality for the purpose of protecting and supporting other men who lack those qualities, is not only vicious in its morals, but is bound to be disastrous in its economic effects, in just the proportion that it is successful. Inefficient employers are not the ones who raise wages. They could not raise wages if they would.

The important thing in our industrial life is not that any particular individual or concern shall be kept in business, but

WELLS FARGO EXPRESS

The report of Wells, Fargo & Co., as filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission for July compares as follows:

	1916	1915	Changes
Total receipts from operation.....	\$4,239,219	\$3,477,462	Inc. \$761,757
Express privileges	2,171,210	1,806,294	Inc. 364,915
Total transportation revenue	\$2,068,009	\$1,671,167	Inc. \$396,841
Non-transportation revenue	94,612	92,633	Inc. 1,978
Total operating revenue	\$2,162,621	\$1,763,801	Inc. \$398,820
Total operating expense	1,808,650	1,576,265	Inc. 232,385
Net operating revenue	\$353,971	\$187,536	Inc. \$166,435
Taxes	37,969	34,711	Inc. 3,258
Operating income	\$314,409	\$151,943	Inc. \$162,466
Mileage steam roads	77,833	77,516	Inc. 316
Mileage other lines	29,650	37,072	Dec. 7,422

REGARDING JITNEY REGULATION

PORTLAND city council has decided to regulate jitneys and to force them to operate on routes not covered by trolley cars. The city attorney has been instructed to draft an ordinance placing the jitneys under regulations identical with those of the trolley corporation, exacting bonds and fixing routes away from lines of street car traffic. The jitney regulation came as the result of plain speaking on the part of business men of Portland, headed by C. M. Clark, at a meeting of the business men's club.

This is the development of affairs that Mr. Clark pictured: "If jitneys are not required to operate on the same basis as the street cars the street railway system will be forced to go into the hands of a receiver. This will mean that hundreds of eastern investors will be pinched and that others who were lucky enough to escape will not readily send money to be invested in a district where it will not be protected."

"I'm right here to tell you that there are hundreds of people in the east who are angry," said Mr. Clark, "mighty angry because of the lack of protection that the city governments of the Pacific coast afford vested property interests. These men are not going to send more money out here. And unless you have reached that stage of self-completeness where you can finance all your own development, you had better be watchful."

Three years ago, Mr. Clark frankly stated, the Portland Railway, Light & Power was in the finest financial state of all companies on the Pacific coast. Its securities were in great demand. Now after the jitneys have cost the company close to half a million dollars a year, the Northwestern Electric has nabbed \$500,000 a year from its earnings, and the lack of anticipated development on the part of the outlying districts of the city having made the company operate many lines at a loss, the company stands close to the brink of failure. Two per cent notes amounting to \$5,000,000, due next May, are now selling at a discount of 22 per cent.

Distributing an Investment

How widely an investment should be distributed depends entirely on how much the investor knows. It is conceivable that an investor might be so situated as to know all there was to be known about a certain semi-speculative bond yielding 7 per cent. He might absolutely know that it was as safe as a U. S. Government bond and that its low price was solely due to the fact that other investors did not know as much about it as he did.

Such an instance would be rare, owing to the natural limitations of human knowledge, but if it did occur the investor would be perfectly warranted in putting all his eggs into that basket. He would be warranted in depending entirely on the principle of selection and in disregarding the principle of distribution.

Another investor may know nothing at all about any particular bond except what he can pick up from ordinary sources of information—and this class of investors is large. Let us say that he has no judgment as to the value of a bond and has no confidence in the judgment of others. He can make very little use of the principle of selection, but should distribute his holdings as widely as practicable.

Most investors, however, will combine the two principles. They will decide upon a certain number of bonds as representing a satisfactory distribution among different industries and over different parts of the country or the world.

Bank to Use Show Windows

Beginning early in December, the German American Trust and Savings Bank will begin a comprehensive series of display windows, designed to acquaint the public with the many features of the bank's service and to present interesting information regarding banking subjects.

Arrangements have been made for brilliantly lighted windows extending

the entire length of the Spring street frontage of the bank, and soon thereafter along Seventh street.

Considerable secrecy is being maintained by the bank as to the nature of the displays, except to admit that they will be novel and original, and that plans have already been made for displays to appear each week throughout the coming year.

Two years ago the German American Trust and Savings Bank inaugurated thrift motion pictures, the first of their kind in the United States, and the bank expects that the present move will be fully as novel and effective in the promoting of thrift and in the education of the public along banking lines.

Car Orders Exceed 140,000

Illinois Central has order for 1,000 gondola cars from Haskell & Barker, and 1,000 from the Pullman Company. Haskell & Barker have also taken orders for 1,000 stock cars for the Santa Fe and 450 refrigerator cars for Morris & Company. Pressed Steel has orders from Santa Fe for 500 tank cars and 350 ore cars for Northern Pacific. Over 50,000 cars have been ordered since Oct. 1.

The Railway Review says that immense expenditures are being made for railway equipment. Its compilation of freight car orders shows that the total number ordered since January 1 already exceeds 140,000, which is nearly 6,000 more than were ordered in the entire year of 1915. The number of locomotives ordered so far this year is approximately 2,800 and is also in excess of purchases made in 1915 by 700.

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FOURTH AT SPRING

Problem of Lumber Mills

Big lumber mills of the Pacific coast find it a problem to create markets that will give them a steady outlet for surplus products. The size of timber handled necessitates a big expenditure for plant equipment. Railroads are required to log, and the mills must be of large dimension. Daily output of an average western plant is far in excess of eastern and southern mills.

When the market slumps and trade is slow, western mills cannot compete for trade in the middle west, and east, on account of freight rates. The result is the western mills have frequently a large surplus, and they have been taking advantage of every possible trade that could be supplied by water transportation, and were only checked in a profitable use of Panama canal by outbreak of the war and resulting shortage of tonnage.

Our consul general at Shanghai reports that the Pacific coast mills will find a market in the Orient when ocean tonnage is again available, and even under present conditions, if they could deliver their lumber, they could compete with timber of Siberia.

Average cost of Siberian logs delivered at Shanghai is \$17 a thousand feet board measure, with local cost of sawing, including wastage, \$15; a total of \$32.50.

The cost of Pacific mills f. o. b. ship is approximately \$8.50 a thousand. At present charter rates the freight would be \$22.50 a thousand, or a total of \$31.

Since Pacific Mail boats were withdrawn there has been practically no

trans-Pacific lumber shipments, though, to meet freight conditions, several Oregon and Washington mills have bought vessels for their own service.

Regarding Farm Mortgages

Investors interested in farm mortgages will find no more complete information on the subject than is given in "The Farm Mortgage Handbook," by Kingman Nott Robins, vice president of the Farm Mortgage Bankers Association. This book, only recently published, is written by an authority and is valuable at present because it analyzes a great many aspects of rural credits, particularly in connection with the establishment of the federal farm land banks. One does not need to be an investor to derive pleasure and profit from a study of economics, particularly economics which deal concretely with the romance of business in America.

Evidence of Corporate Honesty

Probably no better evidence of present-day corporate honesty can be found

than the case of the F. W. Woolworth Co. with the board of assessors of the city of Chicago. An attorney for the Woolworth company appeared before that body and complained that the assessors had failed to levy a tax on two of the company's stores located in Chicago. "The company wants to pay its taxes," said the lawyer. "The assessment should be on an assessed valuation of a couple of thousand dollars for each store."

His Sad Experience

Banker (to applicant for clerkship)—Have you had any experience in a bank?

Applicant—Yes, Sir, I was a depositor in one, until the cashier ran away with all the funds.—Boston Transcript.

It Was No Use

"When that bad boy threw stones at you why didn't you come and tell me instead of throwing back at him?" said the good little boy's pious mother.

"Tell you?" said the good little boy. "Why, you couldn't hit a barn door."

WILSON, LACKEY & CO.

364 I. W. Hellman Bldg. Marginal Accounts Carried Members Los Angeles Stock Exchange

Phones: Main 2751, F 5935

Fairchild Gilmore Wilton Co.

394-6-8 Pacific Electric Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. 7% Street Improvement Bonds For Sale
Exempt from State, County, City and Income Taxes. In buying from us you buy direct from the owner of the bonds.

Paving Contractors

STATEMENT OF CONDITION

of the

First National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOVEMBER 17, 1916

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$19,422,445.93
Bonds, Securities, etc.	1,501,004.47
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	1,250,000.00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	None
Furniture and Fixtures	175,000.00
Real Estate Owned	26,950.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	118,538.36
Other Assets	821.56
Cash and Sight Exchange	10,870,226.85

TOTAL \$33,364,987.17

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	2,629,566.12
Circulation	744,297.50
Reserve for Taxes, etc.	35,516.72
Letters of Credit	178,043.31
Other Liabilities	1,282.12
Deposits	28,276,281.40

TOTAL \$33,364,987.17

INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS COMPLETELY EQUIPPED SAFE DEPOSIT DEPARTMENT

I. W. T. S. Hammond, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

J. M. Elliott	John S. Cravens	C. W. Gates	John B. Miller
Stoddard Jess	J. C. Drake	H. Jevne	Dan Murphy
E. D. Roberts	Frank P. Flint	J. O. Koepfli	F. Q. Story
John P. Burke	M. H. Flint	E. J. Marshall	DIRECTORS.

Statement of Condition of the

Los Angeles Trust and Savings Bank

AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOVEMBER 17, 1916

(Owned by the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Los Angeles)

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$16,518,023.43
Bonds, Securities, etc.	5,546,676.23
Banking House, Furniture & Fixtures	1,054,069.74
Cash and Sight Exchange	5,849,380.70

TOTAL \$28,968,150.10

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 1,500,000.00
Surplus	1,575,000.00
Undivided Profits	195,873.21
Reserve for Taxes and Interest and Other Liabilities	142,982.81
Deposits	
Demand	\$ 8,005,144.55
Time	17,549,149.53
	25,554,294.08

TOTAL \$28,968,150.10

CLEARING HOUSE BANKS

NAME

MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK

S. E. Cor. Sixth and Spring

W. H. HOLLIDAY, President.
J. H. RAMBOZ, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,000,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$500,000.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

N. W. Cor. Fifth and Spring.

A. J. WATERS, President.
E. T. PETTIGREW, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus \$500,000;
Undivided Profits, \$235,441.61.

HIBERNIAN SAVINGS BANK

Second Floor, Hibernian Bldg.

Spring and Fourth.

GEORGE CHAFFEY, President.
GEORGE A. J. HOWARD, Cashier.
Capital, \$400,000.00.
Surplus and Profits, \$77,655.00.

NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA

N. E. Cor. Fourth and Spring

J. E. FISHBURN, President.
H. S. MCKEE, Cashier.
Capital, \$500,000.00; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$200,000.

COMMERCIAL NATIONAL BANK

401 South Spring, Cor. Fourth.

W. A. BONYNGE, President.
MALCOME CROWE, Cashier.
Capital, \$300,000; Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$180,000.00.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

S. W. Cor. Seventh and Spring

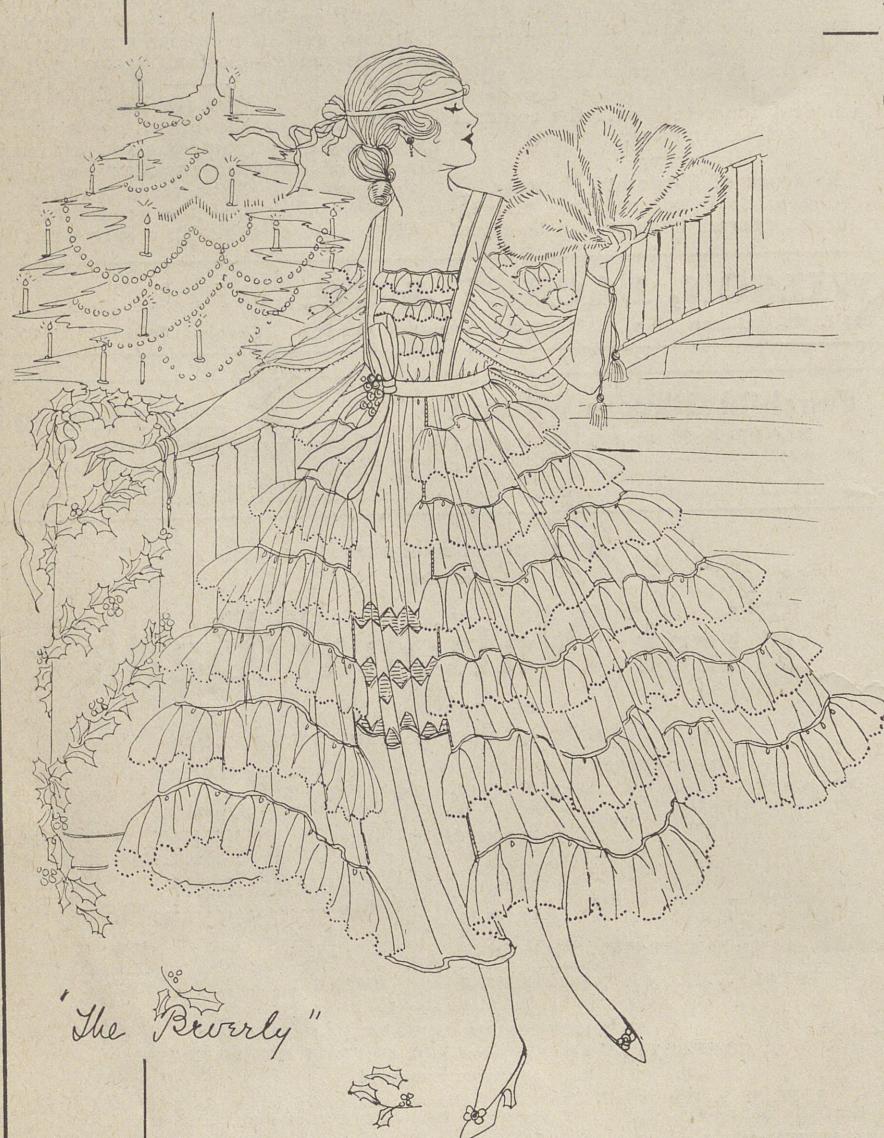
STODDARD JESS, President.
W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000; Surplus and Profits, \$2,537,953; Deposits, \$25,270,000.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS NAT. BANK

Corner Fourth and Main

I. W. HELLMAN, President.
V. H. ROSSETTI, Cashier.
Capital, \$1,500,000.
Surplus and Profits, \$2,000,000.

"POEMS OF FASHION"—



—Thanksgiving Day and Christmas are the days of all days when housewives long for—

Luxurious Table Linens



Maderia Napkins at \$8.75 to \$17.50 Doz.

Madeira napkins, hand embroidered in unique designs. Fancy scalloped and shell scalloped. \$8.75 to \$17.50 a dozen.
The Linen Store, 2d Floor

—There is luxury and long life in these hand-woven satin damasks from Ireland. Hand woven from long fiber flax in two designs — imperial, and oak with acorns.

—72-inch cloths, \$9; 72x90 at \$11; 72x108, \$13.50; 81x81 at \$13.50; 81x108, \$17.00; 81x144 at \$22.

—24-inch napkins to match, \$15 a dozen.

Splendid Scalloped Table Sets \$22.50

—81-inch round cloth with six 25-inch napkins of exceedingly firm, heavy damask in Period designs. \$22.50 a set.

—Written with needles that are eloquent—on silks and woolens that are themselves most charming. Bound delightfully in new designs that are rich in individuality—

Such Are the New Winter Frocks

—that are magnetizing Bullock's Third Floor with their beauty—Dancing Frocks, exquisite and irresistible—the quaint short waisted Basque idea with full skirts over silver cloth.

—Broad girdled models—Bouffant skirts—Short puff sleeves—Different dresses of Different Silks—Faille Matinee, Silver Brocade, Taffeta, Tulle over Silver and Gold Cloth—In brilliant new colors and combinations and inexpensive as \$49.50 for real exclusive styles.

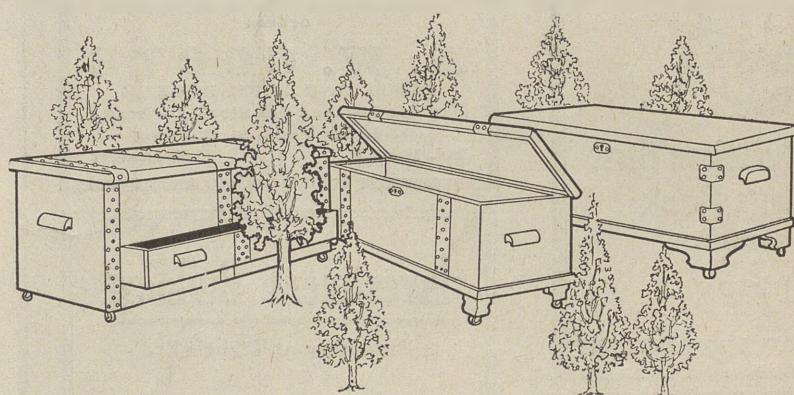
—The illustration merely suggests.

—Then there are other charming Party and Dance Frocks at \$39.50. And the New Skating Frocks at \$35.00—Russianized Frocks of Cream Serge with Fur—

—In addition to which the extremely smart New Suits (Bullock Styles) at \$35.00—of Broadcloth—and the Coats in such a wonderful range of \$35 to \$150.

—Then there are the Furs—the Skirts—Hats—Blouses—Lingerie—

—Simply superb in new Fashion Interest is Bullock's third floor.



Give Cedar Chests

—every woman and girl wants a Cedar Chest—and what could be more practical? Moth proof, dust proof—and Bullock's Cedar Chests would add to the appearance of any room, so well finished are they—A big variety at \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10, \$11.50, \$17.50 and to \$50.00.

Sofa Pillows \$2

—in a big variety of shapes, sizes and coverings—some covered with velour, tapestry, cretonne and brocades—\$2.50 to \$8.50.

Table Scarfs

—ideal gifts for the home—beautiful brocade and gold scarfs for \$4.50 each—and other scarfs at \$7.50, \$8.50 and \$10. 6th floor.

Bullock's
Los Angeles